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THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 26, 1935.

The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY.

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Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Atlantic.**—Lichtentaler Allee. Opp. Cas., quiet, south pos. Free fr. dust. Every comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—**Badhotel Badischer Hof.**—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

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Baden-Baden. — **Hotel Frankfurter Hof.** Wholly renov. 1935, fac. Kurpark, a home fr. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—**Golf Hotel.**—(Two min. fr. golf course, 18 holes.) Ideal home for golfers and those who seek rec. Full board fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—**Bad Hotel, zum Hirsch.**—150 rooms. All Comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension M. 9 up.

Baden-Baden.—**Holland Hotel.**—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pens. terms: M. 11 up. Personal man., H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Quellenhof.**—Nr. Ther. bths. Ev'ry com. Full pen. fr. RM.7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel"; f. 1831.

Baden-Baden.—**Haus Reichert.**—Best pos. near Kurgarden and Casino. Every comfort. Rooms with breakfast from RM. 3.50.

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GERMANY—*continued.*

Bad Ems.—**State Hotels and Römerbad**—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

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Bad Nauheim. — **Hotel Bristol.** — Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

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Dresden.—**Hotel Bellevue.**—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider.

Düsseldorf.—**Breidenbacher Hof.**—Lead. htl, r. fr. RM.5, r., w. bath fr. RM.9. Amer. Bar. Orch. Gar. New Rest. "Breidenbacher Grill."

Frankfurt-a.-M.—**Hotel Excelsior.**—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds from RM. 4.

Freiburg. — **Hotel Zähringer Hof.** — The leading Hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch. — Bavarian Alps. — **Hotel Neu-Werdenfels.** — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Garmisch.—Bavarian Alps.—**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel, facing the Zugspitze, 1st-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Hamburg.—**Hotel Atlantic.**—On the Alsterbasin, 2 minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg. — **Hotel Europe.** — First-class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from 5 RM.

Heidelberg. — **Reichspost Hotel.** — Highly recom. by Germ. and For. Guide Books. Opp. Cent. Sta. Wine & Beer Rest. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

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Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man.by M. Hartung, Coun.of Com.

Mannheim.—**Palace Htl., Mannheimer Hof.**—Latest Creation of European Htl. Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive from Heidelberg.

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Munich. — **Hotel Grunewald.** — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort.

Munich.—**Hotel "Der Königshof," Karlsplatz 25.**—1st class, nr. theatres & museums. 150 rms., 50 bths. New underground garage.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Graf Zeppelin.** — Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart. — **Hotel Viktoria.** — Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

(Continued on page A).

The Bystander, June 26, 1935

The BYSTANDER

No. 1645. Vol. CXXVI.

John Everard

LA JANA

The lovely Austrian dancer is appearing in the new light opera, "A Kingdom for a Cow," which opens on Friday night at the Savoy Theatre. La Jana made a great success in Mr. Cochran's last revue, "Streamline." The music of "A Kingdom for a Cow" is by the young German composer, Kurt Weill, whose music has been banned by the Nazis but still finds its way into the messenger-boy's repertoire—the final sign of popularity. Jacqueline Francell, a new French star, George Gee and Bobbie Comber are in the cast. Both the décor and the production promise to be as interesting as the music is tuneful and the play itself satirical and amusing

There were little toques like Mrs. Villiers Bergne's, feather-trimmed all round, and worn with an eye-veil—

This complicated version of the toque had a band of flowers across the front, and wings at each side

Here is one of the regulation cart-wheels; the 1935 brand have very shallow, much-trimmed crowns

—And toques like the one above, on the left, with a wreath of leaves round it—

Right: Mrs. Johnny Dewar carried a sensible-looking umbrella on the first day of the meeting, which started off in pouring rain

—And toque-caps like Mrs. Claude Leigh's, on the left; hers had a stiff feather in front

Lady Stavordale and Mrs. Desmond FitzGerald shared the Duke of Marlborough as escort from the lunch tent. They were both very simply dressed for the first day of the meeting, and both had turned-up hats with white flowers on the brim

Left: Lady O'Neill, who was all in black and white, wore a big straw hat, with white gardenias under the brim

Right: Mr. Murray Smith and Miss Ulrica Thynne walked back to the Enclosure together. She also wore a plainly cut dress, with a three-quarter-length, wide-revered coat

Left: Mrs. "Laddie" Sandford had the shallowest of white straws, a posy on the front of it, and ribbon round the crown

Lady Jersey wore a sailor-ish hat, well tilted to one side, in which she looked perfectly lovely

Lady Ursula Manners' severe, ribbon-trimmed straw was well over her right eye, but hard to keep on

Even the poke bonnet couldn't help but re-appear; this one was all covered with flat ostrich feathers

Right, above: Lady Helena Fitzwilliam wore a toque-cap with a sunflower on the side, and an eye-veil

Right: Miss Williams-Bulkeley's hat hadn't decided whether to be a bonnet or a halo; anyhow, its ribbons were tied under her chin

The Great Fashion Parade of the Year

Looking at Ascot From the Angle of the Hats

Right: Mr. Peter Thursby is with Lady Milbanke, who was one of the many women dressed in black and white

Below, left: Lord and Lady Harcourt doing the after-lunch walk just as the sun was beginning to come out

Lady Willoughby de Broke decided definitely that the day was beyond hope, and wore a light tweed dress and coat. That's what the sunspot did to Ascot

Mr. Thursby and Lady Milbanke

Right, above: Miss Sinclair wore a silk cap with an organdie flower on it to match her ruffled jabot

Right: the postman's hat appeared here and there — here with a bow in front, and a white ruff round its wearer's neck

The Long—

The most-photographed dresses at Ascot were these two reminiscences of the 'nineties — or is it the eighteen-thirties? Anyway, they were definitely "striking Ascot fashions"

The Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell wore a long crêpe de Chine dress printed with a daisy pattern, a little sleeveless coat and a tiny tilted hat

The Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket was very "picture" in her classically cut dark dress with its coloured belt, and her sweeping velvet-brimmed hat

And here is debutante Sonia Quilter, whose long check dress, American sailor hat, and veil immensely dotted made her front-page news after Hunt Cup Day. She is Sir Cuthbert and Lady Quilter's youngest daughter

—And the Short

Hunt Cup Day Dresses at Ascot

Extreme left: Lady Churston also wore a plain dark walking-length dress and a biggish hat

Left: Lady Caroline Paget wore a black dress with white lace sleeves, and one of the little hats of which there are one thousand and fifty-seven varieties

Above: Lord Sligo and Lady Bridget Poulett walking round together, she in a neat short dress and a big hat

The second of the lovely Paget sisters, Lady Elizabeth Paget, wore a dark taffeta dress; she had Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill to escort her back from lunch

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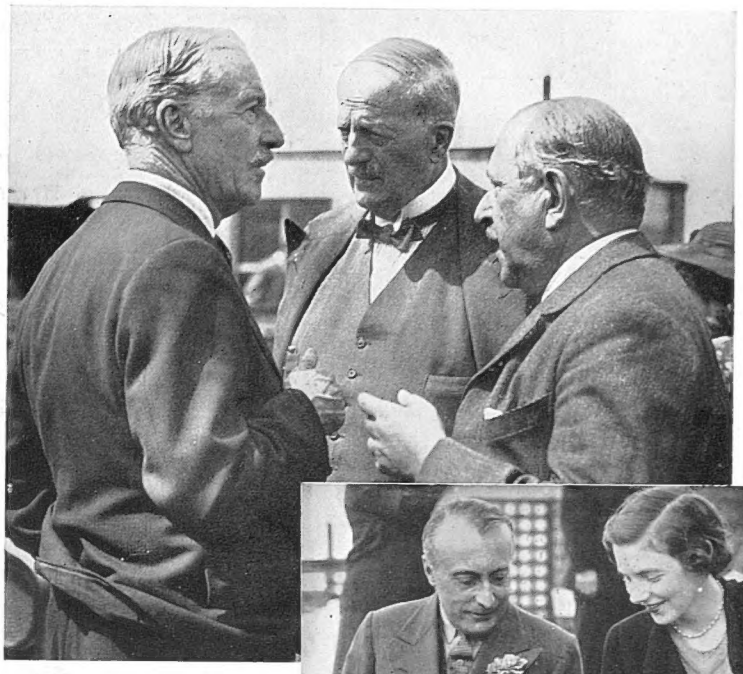
Lord Decies and his daughter, Mrs. Robert O'Brien, sitting beside what ought to be a well and is a gold-fish pool. Lord Decies' younger daughter, Moya Beresford, who always does hostess for her father, was having appendicitis, so couldn't be there



Above: Major J. B. Paget, Sir George McLaren Brown, and Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld looking anything but frivolous

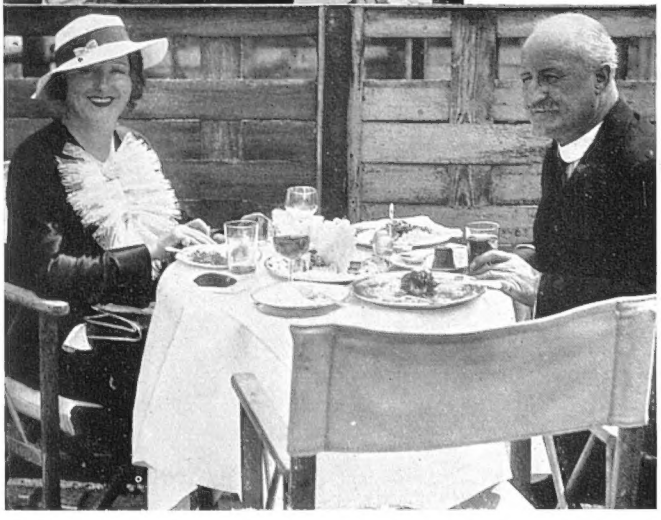
Baron Marochetti and Lady Joan Colville watched another batch of gold fish having their midday swim

Forks on the Roof

Lord Decies' Open-Air Lunch - Party

Left: Major Jocelyn Lucas talking to Miss Shelagh Morrison - Bell

Right: Mr. Hugh Longden and Miss Gwenyth Butler, the skating star



Left: Mme. Alice Delysia eating cold food with Col. Pack Beresford. The party was described as a "nane - chest" one, which is apparently what the Afghans called their local fork lunches

Right: Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Mr. Kenneth Villiers and Lady Hardwicke were three more of the guests at Lord Decies' Orchard Street roof-garden lunch - party

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 108 Henry Cotton

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

THOMAS HENRY COTTON is the most maligned young man in the whole history of the Royal and Ancient game of golf. While other professionals sat around in their tin sheds waiting for orders, Henry was out practising, determined to succeed at his avowed job of being the best golfer in the world. He has always been determined to succeed, and never cares how hard he works to do it. In other words, he treats competitive golf twice as seriously as any of his colleagues, and is suitably rewarded. Thus he is always criticised for not playing in the England v. Scotland match the day before the Open. And yet the Open is the major event of his whole year, and he is perfectly justified in saying that it is unfair to ask him to break off at the last minute from his final concentrated training.

Wherever he goes he is nearly always involved in some incident, and yet not one in ten, if that, is his fault. Considering that he brought a crowd of at least four thousand to the Leeds tournament and was responsible for at least a third of the crowds at Southport, you might have thought he was entitled to a little consideration. But Henry drives a big red Mercédès, and certain officious persons rather suggest that he ought to have an Austin Seven. In point of fact, he has never been known to enter a club-house except when he was waiting for the Open Championship cup to be presented to him at Sandwich last year.

HENRY is rather an aloof fellow, but it is not his fault that he does not make intimate friendships easily. He is notably shy and nervy. The latter is a physical condition due to a seriously delicate stomach for which he has constant treatment from a French specialist, and which is unable to digest its food when its owner is in the keyed-up condition induced by competitive golf. (He never smokes or drinks.) Otherwise he is very strong, despite his drooped shoulders and constant massage. His drives are low, long, and very straight, and you can take them as read up to three hundred yards. By contrast, he has a very artificial Diegel-like style when putting, with the result that this department is not up to the rest of his game.

This year he seems a trifle less grim and has been seen once or twice to smile, which would never have happened two years ago. Meantime, he is prepared to learn from anyone at any time and doesn't mind discussing golf lengthily on an equal basis with you and me.

His clothes? On the whole, he dresses very nicely. Occasionally he overdoes it with a green pork-pie hat and a cowboy scarf; but his good clothes outnumber the others. The great thing about the Champ. is that he does not mind admitting that he is really trying, and that he regards golf as his job and not as a game.

Bassano, Ltd. Elliott and Fry, Ltd.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin

—Portraits of our most English of English Prime Ministers (and, in fact, the only English one we have had in the last twenty years) and his wife. Mrs. Baldwin comes from Sussex; her father was the late Edward Lucas Ridsdale, of Rottingdean. She married Mr. Baldwin in 1892, when he was twenty-five, sixteen years before he became an M.P., and thirty-one years before he became Prime Minister for the first time. Like her husband, Mrs. Baldwin avoids rather than seeks publicity. In fact, only those who have worked with her on one of the innumerable charity committees—appeal or administrative—to which she devotes such an enormous amount of her time, can appreciate her qualities as a woman of affairs. She works tirelessly, makes appeal speeches that none can resist, inspires her colleagues with much of her own enthusiasm, and has an unbounded knowledge of the causes in which she is interested, particularly those concerned with maternity and child welfare. To every celebrity his own symbol. To Lord Lonsdale a cigar; to Mr. Baldwin a pipe; and to Mrs. Baldwin and Mr. Winston Churchill their hats. Public opinion dearly loves such personal pegs on which to hang affection and esteem

Less "Public" Peers . . .

Lord Dorchester

TALL, handsome, every inch a cavalryman. Sixth Baron. Hunts with the Garth and sails I. of W. Member of R.Y.S. Succeeded mother, Baroness Dorchester, in whose favour the barony conferred on Sir Guy Carleton (distinguished in George III.'s American War) was recreated. Has two nice daughters. Elder married Lord Malmesbury's heir when nineteen, three years ago. Younger comes out '37. Served South Africa with 9th Lancers, also varied campaigns with honour and glory. Got Greek and Serbian medals and saw Salonika from the Staff. Unlike average cavalryman, has been in thick of many fights. Appreciates present quiet life. Wife drives him to meets, also three white terriers. Her father was the last Lord de Blaquiere, as both her brothers killed in the war. Her husband also without a successor

Right:

Lord Suffield

SHORT is Mayfair's memory! When Victor Harbord of the Scots Guards, was full of prankish tricks in West End settings. Seldom seen about since marriage ten years ago to Olwen Philipps of the Kylsant trio. Is seventh Baron—no children. Plays golf adequately at annual Brigade Meeting. Got wounded twice during war. Has kept good figure, mild expression, and unambitious character. Roaring 'Twenties he contributed to. Another lad with special Jubilee interest. Trainbearer aged thirteen. Sisters include Miss Lettice Harbord, cousins Lord Hastings, and aunts Lady Keppel

Left:

The Earl of Lindsay

IS lots of fun. Mutton-chop whiskers, dimples, dry wit (usually directed against himself), sandy hair, and an old-fashioned distinction of dress characterise the twelfth Earl and twenty-first Baron, who has a selection of pawky titles—Viscount Garnock, Lord Parbroath, Lord Kilbirnie, Kingsburn and Drumry, and—best of all—Lord Lindsay of the Byres. A byre is a cow-shed. Home, Kilconquhar House, Fife, well appointed. To stay with the M.F.H. for Fife Hunt Ball (yes, there IS a Fife Hunt) or the Royal and Ancient, a pleasure. Wife, whose Blue Prince nearly won this National, more in view. Though retiring, is far from shy. Wanders without embarrassment into the establishment where her Ladyship has hair set. Says he believes what he reads in daily Press. Discounts saying with twinkle. Good raconteur. Cut out for country life. Lives one.

Right:

Viscount Valentia

WHOSE friends persist in calling him Caryl Annesley, though he succeeded eight years ago, is pillar of Newmarket and White's. Seldom seen except race-courses or adjacent refreshment-rooms. Dresses to perfection. Last great dandy. Small, slight, and as Spanish-looking as his tuneful name. Premier baronet of Ireland. Wears same distinctive buttonhole (three immature yellow rosebuds) at every meeting. Knows all about a horse. Tremendous winner with fair sex, but still uncaught at fifty-one. Motto, "By the love of virtue." Several times A.D.C. to Colonial Governors. Now lives quietly in Oxfordshire when not following the flat. Has six sisters and a clergyman cousin heir-presumptive. Is twelfth Viscount. Minor titles Baron Mountnorris and Baron Annesley, not transferable

Right:

Lord Waleran

IS agreeable thirty-year-old, once more eligible, as divorced Canadian wife last year, under two years after wedding. Lives heart of Mayfair—Mount Street, not Shepherd Market, but seldom seen at places where photographers operate. Exception North Berwick, where popular member of Deuchar set. Has broadened mind with travel. Three years New Zealand as Governor-General's assistant secretary. Considerable experience as pilot. Pronounces name without the "e." Wore dark blue on Boat Race night. First cousins include Lord Glentanar and Lord Southwell's sons. Is third Baron—succeeded grandfather, as father died on active service. The baronetcy a Victorian, and the barony an Edwardian creation. Family began in Bradfield and the industrial revolution. Present peer possesses some vitality. Might "go far."

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Mme. Zohra Heidary, pioneer of the emancipation of the women of Persia, now in London, looked chic and charming enough when we saw her in her Western ensemble, but we felt rather sad about the illusions of the moon-eyed countrywomen of Firdausi and Khayyám and their inevitable awakening. We don't know quite for or towards what Persian women are being emancipated, but any City typist could tell them a few things about the social and economic freedom of Western women. Yes. Dirty old reactionaries, that 's what we are. We think they 'll be as happy as the other emancipated women in due course.

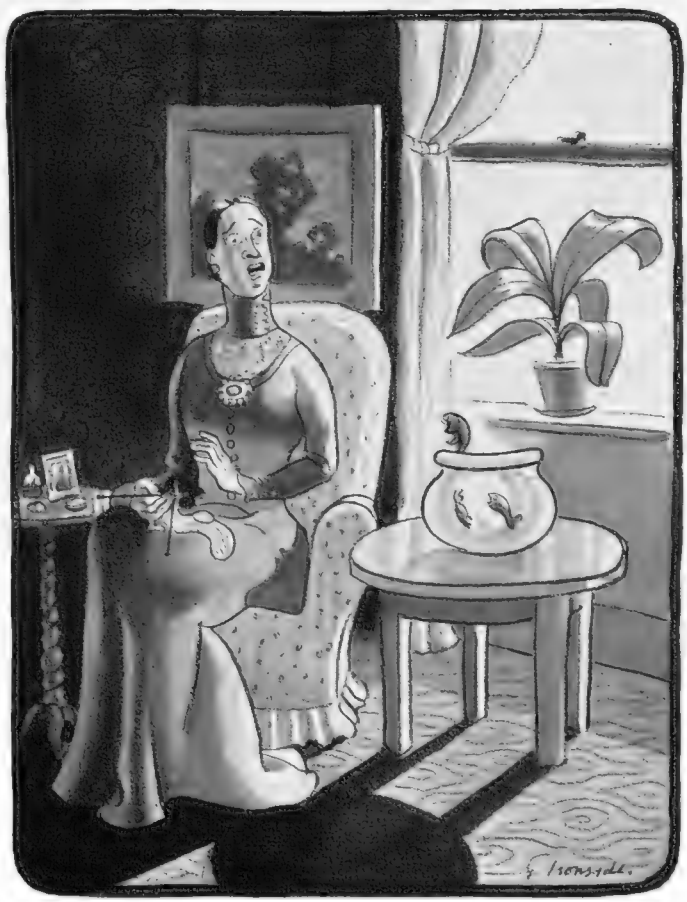
Apart from all else, these Oriental drives towards Westernism bring about a sort of drab, mean, mass-production grotesquerie which is in itself dispiriting. A Turk in a fez stood for something concrete : the Scimitar of Mahound, the rape of Byzantium, and—what is pleasant to remember—the colossal drubbing Don John of Austria gave the Crescent at Lepanto, thereby saving us from having to go about in fezzes ever afterwards. When a Turk of the old school spat at us and gave us the Prophet's curse, we felt a decent glow. It meant something historic. To-day a Young Turk in a bowler hat merely looks damnably silly, like somebody from Manchester. As for the average Turkish woman waddling about in Western costume—well, it isn't kind. Somebody ought to tell 'em.

Once, on the breezy uplands of Olympus, starred with crocuses and fragrant with thyme, we met a Greek shepherd in a sheepskin cloak who might have come out of Theocritus, except that the rustic fool was wearing a bowler too. It 's extraordinary what a final exquisite touch of debasement a bowler can lend features already excessively base by nature. Have a look round the City next time and you 'll see what we mean.

Mind Your Eye, Birds

The British Field Sports Society is very cross with the little Dutch Owl, which was imported here in 1888 by a Peer of the Realm and is now an infernal nuisance, killing game birds, song birds, and poultry. (" The bird has no natural enemies," says the Society's report, " and seems to be stubbornly healthy." We thought at first we were reading the theatrical column.) The Society suggests that the Dutch Owl should be removed from the list of protected wild birds, and official permission given to shoot him.

One result of giving this official permission will be that practically everything resembling any kind of owl will infallibly be shot. There are masses of buffle-headed citizens in this country who always shoot strange, beautiful birds, and would take a pot at the Archangel Gabriel himself if they saw him swooping overhead. You may remember H. G. Wells wrote *The Wonderful Visit* round this curious passion. Perhaps an angel visiting the average modern English village deserves to be shot at, anyway. We 've lived ourselves in a village which would appal and repulse not only the bright denizens of the Court of Heaven en masse, but Lucifer and his horde as well. A certain awful Mrs. Badgery-Messuage, at High Gables . . . Wow !



" Whoopee ! "

Tzigane (Pronounced " Ouch ! ")

Our gipsy blood rose to our swarthy cheek, we jangled our gold earrings with a wild Romany exclamation of wonder when we heard the other day that in Hungary they have introduced compulsory bathing for all gipsies. Once a month, under official control. What (we asked ourselves in surprise) does Lady Eleanor, Little Sister Wind-on-the-Heath, know about *that* ?

It isn't the first time this question has been raised. Once at an inn among the Carpathians we were playing a czardas to enslave a beautiful Gorgio, a tourist, very wealthy. With our flashing eyes, our wild hair, our pantherish grace, our eloquent fiddle, we wove such a web of magic round this blonde maiden, a Miss " Baby " Fibbleheimer from Cincinnati, that she nearly swooned at her food. We leaned over and sang to her, wild, longing, tempestuous Romany songs. At last passion conquered. She scribbled a note and sent it over by a waiter, placing one finger on her rosy lip as we kissed it passionately and thrust it next our heart. When we got down to the staff cloak-room we tore it open. It read : " Will you, for God's sake, *wash your neck* ? " We did not understand, but we were suddenly sad. We wandered out under the moon and sang melancholy songs. Next day a gipsy czimbalom - player named Alf Bossom translated for us. We still did not understand. " Why ? " we said wonderingly. " Why, brother ? "

We do not understand the Gorgio. The wind is our father, the night is our mother. Our brothers and

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 36.—John Buchan

SOME writers cannot do a thing
But churn out words in endless string.
For many members of the Craft
Appear more than a little daft
When shifted from the narrow sphere
In which they move from year to year;
But he of whom we sing to-day
Is fashioned in a different clay.

His "thrillers" of the Highlands are
Books that are ranked well over par,
While as a War historian
His place is well within the van
(Doubtless because he never fails
To keep his facts on the right rails);
Whilst Politics have meant to him
Much more than just a passing whim.

And that is why John Buchan goes
To Canada's eternal snows,
For now our author holds a great
And honoured office in the State;
So youthful scribes who'd seek to be
A famous figure such as he
Should strive to take, by hook or crook,
A Maple Leaf from out his book.

B. W.

"Two, Mr. Henderson?"

"—then the bee carries the pollen to another flower"

sisters are the stars, our cousin is the Moon. (Our bank is Barclay's.) What does all this forcible washing of our Hungarian brothers mean?

Thoughts Have Wings

OBSERVING a letter to the *Times* signed "Margot Oxford," we read it very carefully, and found it to be a vindication of our national right to express moral indignation at the way foreigners carry on. Peroration:

> We should not be afraid of fighting for Freedom, Justice, and Mercy—either at home or abroad.

The Countess pointed sternly to Italy and Germany, but not (oddly enough) to Mexico, where the most thorough terror since 1793 is raging at this moment. This curious omission set us dreamily toying with the idea of a Ballade or Chant-Royal of Moral Indignation and the Selective Liberal Conscience, and this in its turn inevitably led us to discover the extraordinarily attractive rhymes there are to "Margot"—rhymes enticing enough to tempt a master of the satiric Ballade like Belloc or Chesterton or Maurice Baring. Listen to these, taken at random:

Argo (the Greek ship);	embargo,
argot,	escargot
Camargo (ballet),	St.-Fargeau (Lepelletier)
cargo .	Largo (Handel).

A poet of any fibre would take an even wider sweep, rejecting the commonplace pronunciation of "sago" and "Tobago" and "Dago"—and, if it comes to that, the soft "g" in "St.-Fargeau"—and working them into a glowing tapestry, or a song like that song of Charles d'Orléans in honour of some Court beauty which was embroidered in seed-pearls on his velvet gown. Excuse this romanticism.

Clown Gone Thinker

MIXING — and what! — with some eminent Hollywood visitors the other evening, we learned the reason for the slow rate at which Chaplin is

proceeding with his new film, provisionally entitled "Number Five." The reason is that Chaplin himself speaks no lines. He doesn't need to, anyway. Therefore, the film requires two different tempi, the recording speed of a talkie being much greater than that of a non-talkie. Therefore, whenever a Chaplin scene has been shot, which is naturally more often than not, a lot of intricate and expensive cutting and adapting has to be done to make the rest of the jigsaw fit.

Another thing we learned about Chaplin is that he is now terribly concerned with world-problems, of which he has the solution. At Hollywood parties he tirelessly explains and develops this solution until everybody present longs for death. Why a great clown should get like that is one of Life's mysteries; but there it is. The enormous Press bunk and ballyhoo surrounding Chaplin's soul-communion with people like Wells and Shaw and others of the intelligentsia (as it is often called) has had an effect on him.

In Melody Land

APPEALING for funds, the Institute of Medical Psychology has been quoting the case of a pianist who suddenly lost his nerve in a new theatre job, and sat petrified till the management pushed him gently out by the stage-door. They restored his nerve at the Institute. He was apparently a good pianist. Has the Institute a department for the equally benevolent work of breaking down the nerve of bad ones?

It 's possible that some of the big boys get a crise de nerfs when facing the keyboard occasionally, but they never show it. There isn't a concert-grand yet made that can bully Mark Hambourg or Moiseivitch or Rubinstein or Cortot or Harold Samuel—least of all Mark Hambourg, with that smashing right hook to the treble. We got some interesting facts from a concert agent recently. The boys like modernist concertos best, because "advanced" music gives them more time for golf. The best-loved and shyest music-critic in London is Ernest Newman. Critic with purest tenor range, Francis Toye. The other music-critics are rather dumb and frowsy (unlike the dashing dramatic boys, each of whom is worth a monarch's ransom). Of the concert halls, Queen's has the most exits, Wigmore is the handiest for farm produce to sling at the artist, being next door to Conchita Supervia's fruit-and-flower shop. One big problem of the leading pianist boys is keeping people out of their instruments. Lots of people, admirers and so forth, crawl into concert-grands unperceived and go to sleep, thus affecting the tonal quality of almost everything except Bach. The only ace-pianist who regularly finds laying hens, buckets of water, coal, etc., in his pianoforte during a recital is an American, Herb Williams, who has played at the Alhambra. He thinks brother-artists put them there for spite.

Affinity

A MAN we know was in a taxi, driven by a very angry purple taxi-driver, in the West End the other evening, when a tiny little car driven by a surprised-looking gentleman in pince-nez shot out of a side turning right across the taxi's bows, missing them by an inch. The taxi-driver's veins swelled so frightfully that it looked as if his face would burst. He leaned over from his seat, choked once, and spoke. "I love you," he said.

"Now, you! Try to remember this ain't a Mack Sennett howler — this is history, *see?"*

Prigs Ahoy!

A RECENT discussion among serious poetry-lovers as to whether Mrs. Hemans plagiarised Bishop Heber, or vice versa, reminds us that our literary boys and girls have not been thieving much from each other lately—or, if they have, they 've not been found out. There was a mildly juicy little case in America a few weeks ago. A poet sent a poem to a highbrow weekly, which printed it. The first (and only good) verse was dug out of the voluminous works of Longfellow; the rest were the poet's own.

Many years ago, when this century was young, there used to be a wicked game played at Oxford and elsewhere by people who dug bits from somewhere about the middle of the longer poems of Keats or Shelley, copied them out, signed them, and sent them to the editors of pompous literary journals with a humble note begging for criticism of "this maiden effort." Whoever got into print scored points. It seems that many did. But what was almost equally pleasant was the patronising hints on improvement of style, etc., which not infrequently accompanied rejected MS. Altogether these sons of Belial had great fun with the literary prigs of their time, and we wish somebody would think up something as good for use to-day. Prigdom is flourishing among us unchecked, and since the prigs we meet appear to be of two, if not three, sexes, there seems every likelihood of their kind being perpetuated, in or out of wedlock. A few timely whangs on the jaw meanwhile might keep down this ominous fecundity.

THE BYSTANDERS.

George Arliss as Cardinal Richelieu

The latest Hollywood history has Richelieu as the hero and George Arliss as Richelieu—and if the story hardly presents the Richelieu of the text books, it at least gives George Arliss a grand chance to be Machiavellian, saviour of his country, and benevolent guardian of a young beauty all in one breath. With him in this picture is Halliwell Hobbes as Father Joseph. "Cardinal Richelieu," which is a Darryl Zanuck production, is now at Leicester Square

FILMS of the DAY

Starless Nights

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

Maureen O'Sullivan

Maureen O'Sullivan plays Lenore, beautiful ward of the Cardinal, who is saved by her guardian from "worse than death" (with the King as villain) and handed over to her handsome young lover (Cesare Romero)

I DO not mean that the films I have to notice are devoid of stars, but the stars are not shining.

Impossible not to be interested in the progress or otherwise of Anna Sten. A tousled, pretty, vibrant creature, as the treacherous mistress of a trustful crook (Jannings) in *The Tempest* she was instantly recognisable as a potential star, and forthwith she disappeared, for two long years, into the grooming parlours of Hollywood's most perspicacious spider, Mr. Samuel Goldwyn. She emerged, with all the glamorous ornithological chic conferred by fine feathers, as Nana, Zola's Parisian cocotte. Something of the vitality of the untutored original was missing

The poule de luxe part had not quite come off, and so she became the peasant who loved an aristocrat in the *Resurrection* film. This was much better. To begin with, it was a lovely picture (not a very good film). The Russian Easter scene, the lovers in the greenhouse, seen through torrents of rain, the girl brushing her hair at the window in moonlight are memorable "shots." Anna Sten looked breath-takingly lovely in her personification of youthful purity and trustful love, and achieved some moments of great acting in the court scene after her ruin when, as a prostitute, embittered and defiant, she is wrongly accused of complicity in a murder.

IN her latest film, *The Wedding Night*, she is once more a peasant girl, the daughter of Polish emigrants who are farming tobacco in Connecticut, who keep their own customs and demand of their women service and obedience. The lovely Manya is betrothed —or, rather, sold—against her will to Fredrik, son of a neighbour and compatriot.

Enter the young author and his pleasure-loving wife from New York. After one successful book he has been pouring out trash and pouring down highballs until forced by failure to retire to the family homestead with nothing but one Japanese "boy" (who supplies what little humour there is) and some cases of "Scotch."

First the wife and then the servant deserts Tony, leaving him to write the masterpiece inspired by the quaint customs of his Polish neighbours and more especially by the beauty and ingenuous sympathy of Manya.

The idyll and the tragedy advance side by side, to end on the wedding night with scenes of revelry, violence, and the death of Manya.

Ralph Bellamy is the justifiably jealous Fredrik, Gary Cooper the author in search of a character, and Helen Vinson the frivolous wife. All play their parts admirably and characteristically. But attention centres on Anna Sten. She has that beauty composed partly of some inner serenity not far removed from undeveloped mentality which is perhaps a peasant attribute, and seems at least well suited to this rôle. But one senses too great subservience to directorship.

This is to be the last film Sten makes under the tutelage of Samuel Goldwyn. She is reported to have said she is tired of playing "good" parts, though this is the only one in which she has maintained her (technical) "goodness" till the fade out! Does she hanker to think for herself? *Can* she think for herself? Certainly the rather apathetic Manya is far removed from the spitfire in *The Tempest*.

IN *Admirals All* Ian Hay and Stephen King Hall once more make the Navy serve as a comic turn. There is opportunity for comparison of Cockney accents, the Admiral's, that embarrassing, unconscious "off-white" variety (a deplorable piece of casting!), and the coxswain's, the richly coloured language of Gordon Harker, with its irresistible facial accompaniment. In his rôle he saves the situation and the Admiral's face. In himself he almost saves the film from the fatuity which lurks and pursues like its Chinese bandits, real and synthetic.

If there ever was a film actress *so* glamorous that she could walk off the set and go to China for local colour because her leading man did not please her, Wynne Gibson's platinum curls, black-rimmed eyes and conventionalised smiles and pouts scarcely convince one of the fact. In company with the amorous Admiral "and party," she is kidnapped by Chinese bandits. The chief is an actor who wants—and gets—the part of leading man. Well, that's the story.

JOHN STUART was on the way to becoming one of our most popular young film actors. After a period of apparent neglect he reappears as the hero of *Once a Thief*, an incredibly banal and vieux jeu piece of work.

Heaven knows how such stupid, stilted dialogue *could* be spoken. The actors in *Once a Thief* merely recite it, and when John Stuart attempts to introduce emphasis he becomes a young actor with an "ould actore" manner.

The story concerns the machinations of a wicked paint works manager to steal the secrets and ruin the career of the inventor hero.

Nancy Burne, who seems painfully conscious of the silliness of her part, is the heroine. She has "sweet" manners but no manner. The excellent photography and good sets are wasted on such a scenario.

Half-a-Dozen for Wimbledon

Can You Find the Winner Among These?

Dorothy Round
(Great Britain)

Joan Hartigan
(Australia)

Helen Wills Moody
(U.S.A.)

Peggy Scriven
(Great Britain)

Mrs. Sperling
(Denmark)

Kay Stammers
(Great Britain)

NEVER has the Women's Singles Championship presented so open an appearance as in 1935, and it is possible that the winner of this event may not even be seen on this page, for, though omitted, Helen Jacobs, anxious to avenge last year's defeat at the hands of Dorothy Round, and Mme. Mathieu, France's No. 1, but an unlucky player, may have some say in the matter. If a line is taken through the French Championships as well as on her previous record, Mrs. Sperling, seen above—who may be better known as Fräulein Krahwinkel—assuredly possesses a chance, even though surprisingly beaten last year by Joan Hartigan, of Australia. Personally, we feel inclined to plump for the only player who has the right to say "What I have, I hold"

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

The Hon. Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth

A midday sketch of the attractive Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who was lunching with Miss Mala Brand. She spends a good deal of her time down in Dorset, where she has a lovely old house called Atholhampton Hall

Right: Mrs. Simon Brand was also lunching with her daughter, Mala Brand, having just come over to London from Paris, where she lives. She was wearing a large felt "curé" hat, and a black dress with a piqué collar and bow

Mrs. Simon Brand

The Hon. Alicia Browne

Sketched at the Embassy wearing a diamond and sapphire necklace with her black printed crêpe dress. She appeared in the Regency Group at the Debutantes Ball last night

Garden Party or Nothing

Two days at Ascot were enough for us. The weather was too tiresome, and for that garden-party of all race meetings you need warmth and sunshine to an accompaniment of good racing and the exhilarating feeling of drinking champagne in a tent. In the paddock the sides of the champagne tent bulged with the crowd, the queues at the "Tote" were miles long, and the Marlborough tent seemed a long way off.

In order to be photographed you must cross the course and struggle through the crowd in the direction of either Buck's or the Cavalry tent. In order to be *sure* to be photographed, you must dress up in complete fancy-dress as if you were entirely unconscious of the weather. Actually, the freak fashions brigade seemed to have dwindled considerably, and we saw only a few poke-bonnets, flower-muffs, mittens, and other absurdities. What people *did* wear at Ascot is stale news by now, but, believe me, it was no weather for lace and roses.

One of the best-dressed women we saw was the Begum in a plaid taffeta dress that was practically black, a tiny black hat, and some very new kind of grey fox round her neck. Mrs. Kellett had a natural blue fox wrap over a bluish-mauve cloth dress, and a small brown organdi halo. Mrs. Claude Leigh we noticed, in a coat of mulberry taffeta over a yellow flowered dress.

Emerging from the Jockey Club luncheon-room we noticed Lady Cunard with Mr. Terence Phillips, Lady Dalkeith, very pretty in a blue and white dress, and Mrs. Marshall Field, in a Jubilee-esque confection, escorted by Lord Beatty.

The Last Race Over

THERE were more house-parties around Ascot this year than ever, and parties galore every night. There was an enormous crowd at the Weigalls' on Tuesday, lots of elderly people looking on and enjoying the fun. We were too tired (and depressed at missing Priok at 66 to 1 that day) to go to Wentworth on Wednesday, and news of the Guards' Gala at the Boat Club on Thursday must wait until next week. Lord and Lady Jersey had a big party at Osterley, including Lady Caroline and Lady Elizabeth Paget, and the Charles Cavendishes. Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley had a party at the house they have just taken at Sunningdale, a journalist-peer being among their guests (we like being mysterious).

Secret Till Lunch Time

LORD POULETT's wedding last Friday was meant to be terrifically private, and the family were "cagey" about it until the ceremony was over, only his mother, sister, Mrs. C. B. Cochran, and Mr. Charles Birkin being present.

However, a luncheon-party at the Embassy Club immediately after, the addition of a few more friends, and the romance was a secret no longer.

The news was a great surprise to most people, because although for the last few months he has been seen about a good deal with Miss Oriel Ross, and references to "the Earl and the Girl" have not been absent from various gossip columns, in these platonic and unchaperoned days we are inclined to ignore the possibility of a real Romance.

A Farewell Party

FOR the first time since 1913 the opera season has made money instead of losing it. For twenty-two years the deficit has been between £1000 and £25,000, and it says much for Mr. Geoffrey Toye, whose first year of office as managing-director it has been.

Grace Moore has been a sensation, and it was a stroke of genius to get her

over. She appeared professionally at, I think, only one private party, for a fee which was scarcely less than she received for her three performances at Covent Garden.

To say farewell to her, Mr. Toye gave a small and intimate party in his flat. Maurice Chevalier was there, outlining his plans for picture-making in Hollywood. These are to be limited, as he insists on returning pretty frequently to his beloved Paris to work there. Oliver Messel did his famous "peopless" imitations of an old Colonel and a French cocotte. Dwight Fiske sang frisky songs, and also did a musical-chair act, with Carrol Gibbons and the host taking turns at the two pianos.

Unconceited People

RACING at Northolt is one of the pleasantest ways of spending a Saturday or a Monday afternoon that we know of. The course is easy to get to and so easy to look at that you feel you are somewhere abroad, and that there is a casino just outside the gate. The lay-out of the place is gay and attractive, the flowerbeds a riot of colour, even in this so-called summer.

It was Derby Day when we went last Monday, and there was a record crowd. Lord Granard's daughter, the Comtesse de Brantes, and Lady Jersey were there, both looking smart in tailor-mades.

We met Mr. Teddy Underdown, accompanied by his very good-looking mother; he had won a race there a couple of days before, and we hear that he would rather be a bad jockey than a good actor—which is a pity when you are blessed with looks that ought to do any Hollywood hero out of a job. Actually, he rides amazingly well. Like many really good-looking people, he has no conceit whatever, and laughs in our faces when we mention Hollywood contracts and venture to suggest that he is wasting his time.

Speaking of unconceited people reminds us of Mrs. Barbara Walsh (née Hamilton), who is less conscious of her good looks than any woman we ever met. When, some years ago, she went to America to meet her first husband on his ill-fated flight across the Atlantic, the Press over there acclaimed her as one of the beauties of the age, printing the most flattering accounts of her amazing looks. She has been painted by many artists (their idea, not hers!), the best of all being the portrait by Mr. Harrington Mann. There are not more than two photographs of her in existence, and as for any publicity or our Press photographers, she would run a mile.

A Continental Atmosphere

ST. JAMES'S STREET—the High Street of Clubland—is losing much of its staidness but not its dignity. Round about lunch time you will meet many chic unknowns, usually French or American, in the vicinity. Their objective is Prunier's, the famous fish restaurant, where the mysteriously Continental atmosphere that Mme. Prunier has contrived to bring over makes them feel very much at home.

One wet day last week (Ascot's opening, and we were thankful we had not gone) we saw Mr. Lloyd George's silver-haired head at a window table, lovely Mrs. Nigel Gunnis in trouble over the parking of her Hillman "Minx," and Mrs. "Quinney" Gilbey, who should always wear black, to remind us of her really rare schoolgirl complexion.

A Rare Appearance

THE first night of *Anything Goes* was a grand Cochran opening. "C. B." and his wife were in one box; young Stanhope Joel and his wife (so pretty), with a large party, were in another. Mrs. Arthur Bendir made one of her rare appearances in London that night. Fair and extraordinarily chic and youthful-looking, she wore a white dress and an enviable ruby necklace and was with her husband, of Ladbrook fame, and her married daughter, the Comtesse Bosdari.

Back from America

MR. FRAZIER JELCKE, the hospitable American, who rented Stonor Park, Henley, last summer, has reappeared in our midst after months of serious globe-trotting. We found him dining at Punch's, which is the most "stayed-put" of all the clubs of its type. It goes on in its peaceful way, a real home among clubs. Always full enough of people we like enough, and John behind the bar, whom we like even more.

White-haired Mary Grey (Mrs. J. B. Fagan and "Jimmy" Ritchie's mother) is often there and Joan Buckmaster. We went in hoping for a glimpse of Anita Prinsep, back from New York we hear, but saw no sign of her.

Seasick Fish

MINUTE tropical fish, swimming about in elaborately planted little tanks, are a decorating fad of the moment. In New York this form of ornament is a rage, tanks being let into drawing-room walls as well as used as ornaments, mantelpieces, and even book-ends. One firm alone is alleged to have made £15,000 from this luxury vogue.

The tanks, though small, are by no means inexpensive, a typical one seen in London yesterday costing 16 guineas. The tiny fish cost about 7*s.* 6*d.* each, and have to be fed and kept warm with care. An American dramatist brought 150 over on his last trip from the States

Three Debutantes Who Have Featured At Charity Balls

Rosemary Grosvenor

Was one of the hundred and seventy-four maids of honour at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball at Grosvenor House the other day. She is the daughter of the late Lord Edward Grosvenor, and Lady Dorothy Charteris

Lady Elizabeth Townshend

Was also a maid of honour at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball. She is Lord Townshend's only sister, was born in 1917, and is a year younger than her brother

Joan Legh-Jones

Was on the Committee of last night's charity do—the Debutantes' Ball. Her mother, Mrs. George Legh-Jones, gave a dance for her last Friday at 16, Bruton Street

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Lenare

Nancy Elizabeth Brassey

Is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Col H. E. Brassey, and Lady Norah Graham, and a niece of Lord Donoughmore; she announced her engagement to Squadron-Leader Reginald Leslie about three weeks ago

and lost forty of them through seasickness. An odd fate for a deep-sea animal!

Gallant Expense

THE thing that amazes me is how young men in London can afford to live the way they do. Yet somehow they do, and "do" it gallantly.

I wonder if some of their girl friends realise how much "an evening out" costs? Take an ordinary evening "round the town" for, let us say, a party of four. We can wash out dinner if we are going to a theatre, but cocktails (probably champagne) and sandwiches (certainly caviare!) tot up to about ten shillings a head. We know that lots of girls don't drink, but others swallow a couple of "sidecars" in a flash. Having spent £2 on nothing at all, we collide with that charming one-legged fellow outside, with his tray of flowers. Two lots of orchids and a couple of carnations. Ten bob, and then the theatre. £2 10s. for four stalls, and on to supper somewhere. After the usual argument about the best band, the most fun, and extension nights, we eventually arrive. £5 has now melted away, and the evening has scarcely started! From 11.30 to 1 o'clock will cost between £7 and £8 and by then a poorer, tireder young man is thinking longingly of his little bed and despairingly of his office next morning. But the girls, who have nothing to do until lunch except telephone, are busily repairing their make-up with a determined and expectant air, and if poor "George" or "Henry" don't suggest going on to the Florida or the Jubilee, they think they have had a dreary evening with a couple of "ginks" who don't know their way about!

No One Else Cares

YOUNG women who spend their entire time guarding and nursing their "reputations" are the most expensive of all.

Elwin Neame

Jean Grant

Is the daughter of the late J. P. Grant, of Rothiemurchus, and the late Lady Mary Grant; she is marrying Ian Matheson, Scots Guards, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Matheson, at the Guards' Chapel on July 2nd

I know of one entirely unchaperoned young lady of twenty-seven who could not be seen lunching alone with a man—a bit of guile which drove him to giving large and expensive parties for her, and another who will go "round the town" from dark till dawn, but won't put one painted toe-nail inside the young man's flat to have a cocktail.

It is not the debs I am talking about, nor the ex-debs, nor any girl whose mamma or chaperon would disapprove of the utter recklessness of having a

Bertram Park

The Hon. Elisabeth Scott-Ellis

Elisabeth Scott-Ellis is Lord and Lady Howard de Walden's second daughter; it was announced last week that her wedding to Count Serge Orloff-Davidoff will be on July 24th at the Russian Orthodox Church in Buckingham Palace Road

A Trio of Engagements

Paul Tanqueray

Patricia Gibson Watt

Is the younger daughter of the late Major J. M. Gibson Watt, and Mrs. Gibson Watt, of Doldowlod, Radnorshire, and is engaged to Robert Nevill Cobbold, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Cobbold, of Tattingstone Park, Ipswich

drink and a sandwich alone with a young man; it is the inconsistent and rather bogus attitude adopted by girls who have been out ten years, and are so busy "chaperoning themselves," costing George or Henry *more* money and treating the poor boy like some lascivious old pouncer!

View on Editors

WE have had a lot of varied experience with editors of different sorts in our life—hard-boiled, soft-boiled, knowledgable, ignorant, and just plain snobs. In view of them all, we agree with Beverley Baxter that the entire trouble with Fleet Street is that most of the editors burrow into ground from Wimbledon in the morning, emerge at Blackfriars, and, during the day, never move west of the Savoy Grill—in fact, we think that if all editors went West (no pun intended), Fleet Street would be the better for it.

We told an editor the other day a piece of scandal in the highest circles that we thought was so well known that it was no longer scandal. He prepared notes, was most interested, and jotted down in his notebook a splash for the front page which we feel might seriously have put back the English Speaking Union's efforts ten years. However, Beverley Baxter is our idea of an editor. He has irons in every fire, knows all the people who make news, and has given us a very enjoyable week-end with his book *Strange Street*.

MISS PEEPS

Owing to a misprint, the Picardy Hotel, Le Touquet, was described last week as the Piccadilly Hotel.

The Dancers

Robert Linden and Claire Luce in *Gay Deceivers*

There's plenty to hear and see and laugh at in "Gay Deceivers," the musical comedy that's now at the Gaiety: Claire Luce in her dances with Robert Linden is not the least decorative part of the show. She is a clever and versatile dancer, as graceful as she is lovely; she needed all that when she partnered Fred Astaire in the first and best of the "gay" musicals, "Gay Divorce." In the Gaiety show she sings her songs and cracks her jokes with her usual verve and personality—but her job is mainly to look lovely, since Charlotte Greenwood, Clifford Mollison and David Hutcheson are there to attend to the fooling

Pamela Sturgis

Is the only daughter of Sir Mark and Lady Rachel Sturgis, and is being presented at Court this week. Her father received his knighthood in 1923, when he retired from active political life; her mother is the Earl of Wharncliffe's second sister. The Sturgis's have a house at Easbing, near Godalming

Rohays Burnett

Is one of the most attractive debutantes from Scotland; her parents are Major-General Sir James and Lady Burnett of Leys; her home is the famous Crathes Castle, in Aberdeenshire. She is nearly nineteen, is presented this week, and her mother is giving a dance for her on July 8 at Park Gate House, Ham Common

Elizabeth Erskine Crum

Is the daughter of the late Sir William Erskine Crum, and Lady Erskine Crum, who presented her in March. Her father was a well-known Oxford oar, and her brother, W. D. C. Erskine Crum, was also an Oxford rowing Blue, and was president of the O.U.B.C. The Erskine Crums live, appropriately enough, at Henley

Anne Christopherson

Another June presentation is that of Anne Christopherson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Christopherson; she went to Court last night. Her father is a member of the well-known Kent cricketing family

Debutantes' Picture Gallery

Monica Grant Forbes

Is the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grant Forbes ; her parents are American, but she was born in England. She is being presented this week by Alice, Lady Lowther ; is spending the season with Jean Martineau, a debutante friend of hers, whose picture appears below

Right : *Frances Ronalds*

Another American debutante is Frances Ronalds, of New York, granddaughter of Mrs. Ronalds, the famous American hostess, and a niece of Mrs. T. Hay Ritchie, who gave a dance for her at Sunderland House on May 29th. Mrs. Robert Bingham, the American Ambassador's wife, presented her at last night's Court

Left : *Jean Martineau*

Jean Martineau is the daughter of the late Cyril Martineau, and Mrs. Martineau, of 48, Draycott Place, S.W.3. She and Monica Grant Forbes are doing the season together. Mrs. Martineau is American—her maiden name was Robbins, and she is a cousin of President Roosevelt. Jean Martineau went to the second March Court

Right : *Mary Gerard Leigh*

A new portrait of Captain and Mrs. Gerard Leigh's lovely daughter ; she went to a March Court too, and is also half-American, her mother having been Helen Goudy, of Chicago. Mary Leigh is appearing as one of the Cries of London at the Old Westminster Market in Dean's Yard this week, in aid of the Westminster Hospital Rebuilding Fund

Photographs by Lenare, Tunbridge and Bassano

Hell for Leather

Right: at the distance in the Hollybush Selling Plate at Gatwick. Last Crusader, the winner, is nearest the camera; next is Cyprus City, and then comes Demigod, who was third

SPLIT SECONDS...

Horses and Humans: Nothing Escapes the Eye of the Camera, No Matter How Fast the Movement

Left: "a handkerchief could cover the lot." A. W. Sweeney (A. A. A.) breasting the tape from H. M. Scarr (C.U.A.C.) and A. Pennington (A.A.A.) in the 100 yards race at Fenner's in a match between Cambridge University and the Amateur Athletic Association

All Nice People Own a Dog (or Two)

Swaebe

The Hon. Denise and the Hon. Lydia Yarde-Buller

Denise and Lydia Yarde-Buller were photographed with their Borzois down at the Aldenham House Country Club. They are the second and third of Lord Churston's four sisters, and are doing the season together. Denise was born in 1916 and is only a year older than her sister

Swaebe

Miss Dianna Tyrwhitt-Drake

Above, right: Dianna Tyrwhitt-Drake is a deb of this year, presented at Court this week. She is the daughter of the late E. P. Tyrwhitt-Drake, and a cousin of Hugh Garrard Tyrwhitt-Drake, who owns the largest private zoo in the country, at Maidstone

Left: a new at-home picture of Lady Ratendone and her small dog with the rather tragic face. She was Mary Foster before she married Lord Willingdon's son as his second wife last year; she is the daughter of Basil Foster, the cricketer-actor

Right: another dog-owning debutante is Agnes Celestria King, the only child of Captain Charles and Lady Clare King, and a cousin of twelve-year-old Lord Gainsborough. She got her second name from a Le Noel ancestress who "came over" with William the Conqueror

Bassano

Viscountess Ratendone

Bassano

Miss Agnes Celestria King

The LONDON

Mostly Round the Restaurants

Walter Karri-Davies and Lady Hersey Boyle

Left: Walter Karri-Davies, brother of Tunie and Eileen, and Lady Hersey Boyle were at the Carlton together. She is Lord and Lady Glasgow's second daughter, and had just got back from a tour in Italy

Page Greave

Miss Dorothy Ward and Captain Jolliffe

Right: Dorothy Ward and Capt. "Jumbo" Jolliffe were both at the Anglo-Danish dinner at Grosvenor House last week. She is the musical comedy actress, and in private life is Mrs. Shaun Glenville

Right: Sir Hugh Smiley and the Swiss Minister's younger daughter, Jacqueline Paravicini, were in a party at the Blue Train, where Douglas Byng is now singing in great form

Swaebe

Sir Hugh Smiley and Mlle. Jacqueline Paravicini

Lady Latta and Her Son

Lady Latta and her only son, Cecil Latta, went to the première of "The Divine Spark," at the Curzon, in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind. They had both done a day's racing at Ascot

Swaebe

Miss Pat Charles and Sir John Buchanan-Jardine

Right: Pat Charles, the artist member of the Charles sisters trio, went out with Sir "Jock" Buchanan-Jardine one night, and he took her to hear Dwight Fiske at the Carlton

Below: a gala night at the Ritz, with Lady Lyon, Lord Scarsdale, the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham-Reid, and Mrs. George Ismay all persuaded to wear funny hats; Lord Scarsdale's makes him look rather like Maurice Chevalier

Swaebe

ROUNDABOUT

Left : Dwight Fiske is the cabaret satirist at the Carlton. His recitations, full of jokes not for the maiden aunt, and accompanied by his own clever piano illustrations, are "all the rage," and so is he, for every sort of party

Dwight Fiske Rehearses

At Percy Crosby's Exhibition

The Hon. Mrs. James Rodney and Princess Alphonse de Chimay looking at Percy Crosby's cartoons in his show at the Arlington Galleries. He is America's most famous cartoonist, and this is his first London show

Composing a Musical Comedy

Swaebe

Lord and Lady Grenfell and Family

Lady Grenfell is holding her baby son, who was christened last week—Julian Pascoe Francis St. Leger—and Lord Grenfell has got his daughter on his knee ; she is called Caroline, and was born in 1933

Above : Kenneth Leslie-Smith and Jimmy Dyrenforth working out the music and the book for "Dance Easy," the new show Evelyn Laye is to appear in in New York later on. Mr. Dyrenforth is a New Yorker who has a flat in London, and Mr. Leslie-Smith is a Scot who has lived in New York for ten years

Right : another party at the Carlton — and this was at Dwight Fiske's opening night—included Miss MacKelvie, an attractive American, Sir Robert Throckmorton, Lady Anne Hunloke, and Lord Charles Cavendish

The Scottish Championship

From l. to r.: Miss Robertson-Durham, the new Scottish Champion, Miss V. Graham, Miss Tweedie and Miss Helen Nimmo, a semi-finalist who was beaten 3 and 2 by the ultimate winner

Left: Miss Jean McCulloch, at the tea-table, a bronze medallist in the Scottish Championship, and Mrs. Wallace Williamson, captain of the British team v. France

Below (l. to r.): Miss M. Howie, Miss Vyvyan Lamb (who created one of the Scottish Championship surprises by beating Miss Doris Park, and only losing on the last green to Miss Jessie Anderson) and Miss Nell Forrest

Women's Golf:

The Scottish Championship

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

MISS ROBERTSON DURHAM will forgive me, I hope, for saying that her win of the Scottish Championship was a surprise. After all, a four handicap is not the player that prophets pick in advance out of a field that has in it the holder, the Open champion of a year before, four ex-Scottish champions, and two members of the touring team to Australia. Speaking broadly, the players who win championships nowadays have length of a high standard, a goodly variety of shot, as well as reliable putting, and the right temperament. Miss Robertson Durham proved herself to be so richly endowed with the last two qualifications that anything she might lack in the first two was discounted. On a big, high carrying course such as Newcastle she might have had a good deal more ado to win her championship; she might have found that those who could reach fine two shotters in two shots were too much for her to cope with. But she played the perfect golf for Lossiemouth; she refused to be frightened into attempting things that she could not do, and her putting was rather better than anybody else's that I have ever seen. Never have I seen so few putts that had to be holed out: with the long ones it was merely a question of whether they would drop, or remain two inches or, at most, two feet away from the pin. Further was unthinkable with such perfection of touch. If some of the other good golfers of the day had her putting nobody could beat them.

As I have said, the world at large was not considering her very much at the beginning of the proceedings. Her 81 in the Eglinton Quaich was one of the scores which won that inter-club trophy for Gullane, but folk were more concerned over Mrs. Holm, Miss Couper and Miss Doris Park's 80's, and very interested in what would happen to the scratch aggregate when the second score was added on the Monday. Mrs. Holm managed another 80, and so the Margaret Scouler Buchanan cup was hers, and the beautiful David West water-colour of a grim grey wave, extremely typical of the weather just then.

Before Monday, though, there was the dinner given to the victorious Scottish international team, assisted at by all the competitors, with Mrs. H. P. Cross as fairy godmother, Mrs. Scouler Buchanan to make everything go smoothly, reels, and strip the willow to make everybody thoroughly out of breath, and Miss Susan Walker and Miss Millar to recite and tap dance to them till they had got it again. All splendid fun. On the Sunday, golf at Spey Bay, alone with the sun and the sea-birds, for some, and for all a delightful tea-party given by Colonel and Mrs. Tennant (he is Lossiemouth's captain this year) at Innes House to see the gardens.

MONDAY, individual score competition, and Tuesday the championship proper. Miss Robertson Durham was popularly supposed to be tackling a more than stiff proposition in Mrs. Burton, but she got home at the twentieth hole. Consternation in the camp, though, because Mrs. Holm, playing really badly, went out to Miss Jean McLintock 3 and 1, the latter's short game being excellent. Mrs. Coats went out to her in the afternoon, when Miss McLintock had one putt on five out of the first seven greens or something inhuman of that sort. Miss Robertson Durham's afternoon win was a 3 and 2 one from Mrs. McInnes Shaw. Miss M. J. Couper took leave of the event for this year, Miss Nan Baird having her measure from the seventh onwards, and surviving a brave rally which took her to the seventeenth. Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery was another ex-Scottish champion to go out, Miss Nimmo getting home from her on the last green. It was Miss Jessie Anderson who was popularly supposed to be bound for the final, there to meet Mrs. Greenlees, according to the critics. Some, though, thought that Mrs. Greenlees was not at her steadiest, and that Miss Anderson was beginning to play tired golf. Both got through the next morning, Mrs. Greenlees from Miss Nell Forrest, who is one of the best stylists and longest hitters amongst the young golfers outside the internationals, and Miss Anderson at the expense of Miss Vyvyan Lamb, who had earned fame by beating Miss Doris Park on the last green. That was where she lost to Miss Anderson, but the effort was apparently too much for Miss Anderson, for she played hurried, unconvincing golf against Miss Nan Baird after lunch, and the faultless chipping and putting of the latter made her well deserving of her 4 and 3 win. Mrs. Greenlees did struggle to the last green against Miss Nimmo, but she missed some very short putts, and Miss Nimmo was hitting the ball too far and putting too well, for that to be a possible way of beating her. Miss Robertson Durham spent Wednesday beating Mrs. Mercer in the morning and Miss C. M. Park after lunch.

Semi-finals next morning. At last a fine, warm morning, only ruffled by one thunder plump of a shower. In the top match Miss Nimmo appeared to be playing the more impressive golf, but was beaten 3 and 2 by the beauty of Miss Robertson Durham's short game: Miss Nan Baird was kindly treated by the missing of a couple of irons and two short putts by Miss Jean McCulloch, so that she got home 2 and 1.

IN the final the pitching and putting was of a standard that had to be seen to be believed. Miss Robertson Durham only had thirty putts for the eighteen holes, and even then my note-book has "nearly holed," or "lipped" against five more long putts. Miss Baird only had thirty-one putts and a couple that sat on the lip. So you can imagine the state of palpitation in which we watched. Miss Baird was three up after four holes, but never won another until the sixteenth, and in the interim had been pulled back until she was herself one down. Her fine four at the sixteenth squared it. Four halves, by which time they had played nineteen holes, and the championship finished at the next, where Miss Baird took two to get out of a bunker. It was a great performance on her part to have reached the final when she held the event. If Miss Robertson Durham can emulate that feat at Turnberry No. 2 course next year we shall all be acclaiming her a really first-class golfer, just as we acclaim Miss Baird this year.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

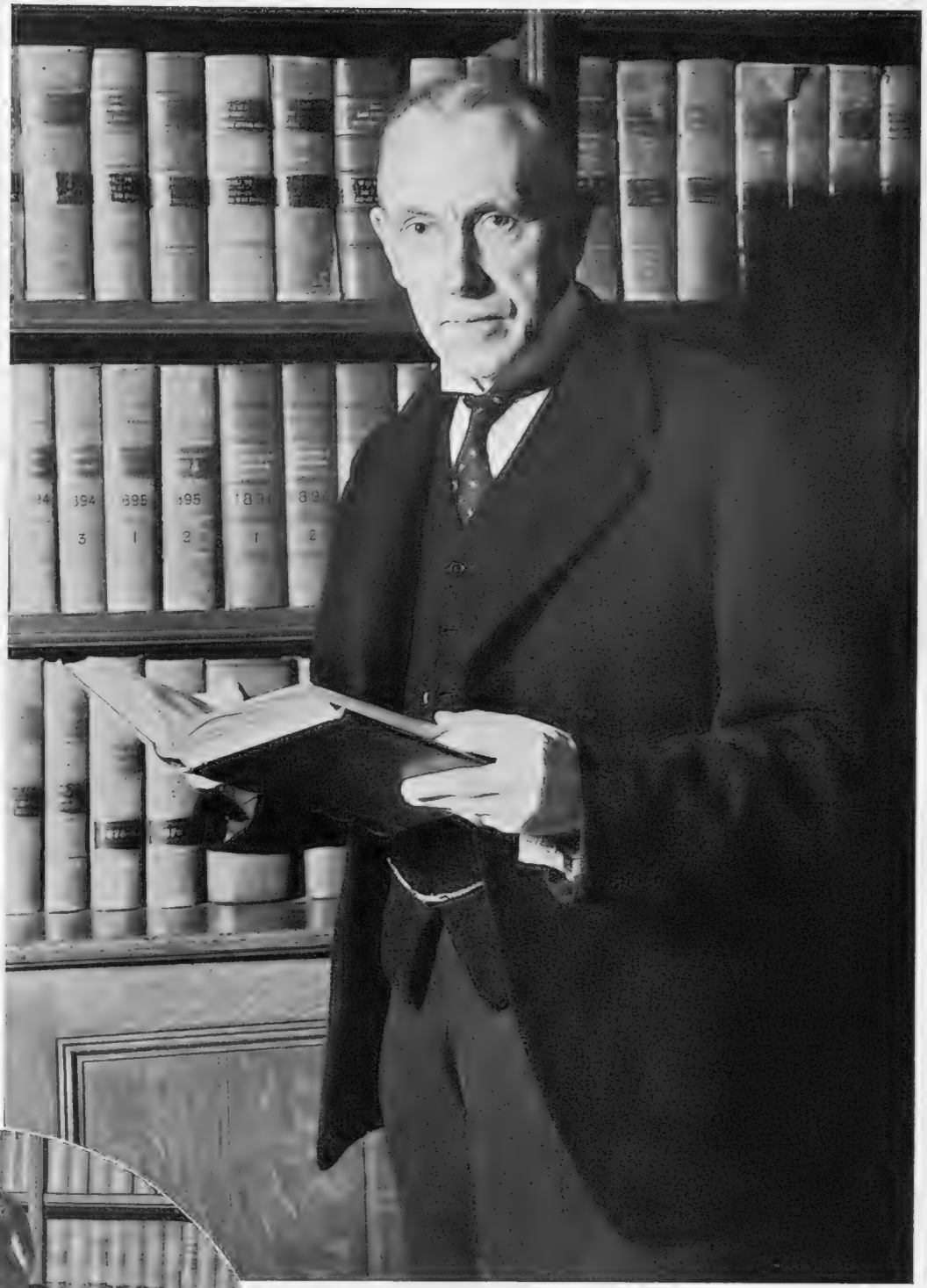
JUSTICE UNROBED

Our Judges at Home

No. 13

The Hon. Mr. Justice Crossman

MR. JUSTICE CROSSMAN, the latest Chancery Judge, has had a career successful but unexciting. That he is a man of parts is certain, for he was a scholar of Winchester College, as well as of New College, Oxford. For a year he tried his hand as a schoolmaster; but evidently thought it too narrow a career; so he entered at Lincoln's Inn, and in due time joined the Chancery Bar. Slowly and steadily he plodded his way to the front. He was known, and still is, as the man who will find out the why and the wherefore of any problem he sets himself to solve, however long it takes him. Just the man to advise the Government departments as junior counsel to the Treasury on the Equity side. On the Bench he continues his career of tireless and interminable investigation. Not for him the short cut to a conclusion, nor the brilliant inspiration. Every fact is traced to its source: every precedent examined; and no litigant in his court can complain of not receiving a full and patient hearing. Maybe he is not yet sure of himself.



In the Study

Lawn Tennis Letter

Germany Getting On

By "Passer-By"

Two Young American Hopes

Left: Donald Budge and Gene Mako, of the United States Davis Cup team, who are paying their first visit to England. Playing for Queen's Club, on wood, they beat their compatriots, W. Allison and J. Van Ryn

Right: Caroline Deacon, Canada's champion, and Eleanor Young, ranked second, who are competing at Wimbledon for the first time. Miss Young is a very promising junior. Her father is the secretary of British Columbia Lawn Tennis Association

Canadian Competitors

DEAR BYSTANDER,

"FULL of great aims and bent on bold emprise," Germany's exultation over the unhorsing of Australia in the Davis Cup was not unnatural. There was almost delirious cheering at the Rott Weiss Club, Berlin, when J. H. Crawford and V. B. McGrath fell on the first day, these two invaders, each with a victory over Vines to his credit, having collected only one set between them. Was there not a similar scene of ecstatic delight three years ago on the same ground, when the German team, two matches to one down on the third day, defeated Austin and Perry, to dismiss England from the Davis Cup? Then, as now, the ex-Crown Prince of Prussia, who has always been a keen devotee of lawn tennis and used to compete at the Homburg tournament in the distant pre-war days, raised his voice for the victors.

AUSTRALIA'S eclipse "upset the dope," as the Americans say. It was confidently expected that she would repeat her elimination effort of last year and, coming to familiar turf at Wimbledon, again engage America in the inter-zone contest. But Herr Hitler's hedge hides more things than aeroplane factories; it has concealed from public view the systematic physical training of Germany's youth. Radio-drill in the bathroom at six in the morning sounds martinetish and a little alien to the British conception. Yet this has only been one aid to bodily fitness that the new régime has instituted. Germany is a nation of young athletes, and it is not at all surprising that she should be using the international lawn tennis court in which to release some of her bottled-up energy.

THE British Dominions, Australia and South Africa have now retired from the Davis Cup, leaving mid-Europe in possession of the European zone. Instead of America meeting an English-speaking nation at Wimbledon she will now meet the Teutons or the Czechs. Which will it be? I rather fancy the chances of Czechoslovakia. Von Cramm and Menzel, the No. 1's on each side, play "fifty-fifty" as a rule. But give Von Cramm both his singles, can Germany be sure of another point? Improved though Henkel is, he ought not to beat, on relative form, either Menzel or Caska; and Menzel and Malacek should be too strong for any German doubles pair. Still, Germany has surprised herself and the world by beating Australia. If the match is played in Berlin more "Hochs!" may carry her through.

HAPPENINGS at Wimbledon may well have an effect on this match. The longer the Germans or the Czechs remain in the lists the less may be their chance to come back for the inter-zone match. It sounds like a paradox. Not at all. The Davis Cup match will be played on sand courts with a different make of ball. Supposing German or Czech goes out early from Wimbledon, he will have the longer time for practice under the changed conditions. It is a point of some moment. A finalist at Wimbledon one week, Austin was beaten both by Von Cramm and Prenn in Berlin the next. Other late-stagers at Wimbledon—Cochet and Lacoste in Rome, for example—have met with similar rebuffs. The public are often perplexed by conflicting lawn tennis results. They forget the influence of surface on stroke, of travel on temperament, and of character in its response to the demonstration of a foreign crowd.

CAN Mrs. Moody, who has not played in a national championship event for nearly two years, win her seventh title at Wimbledon? If she succeeds the American will have equalled the record of Mrs. Lambert Chambers, who won the championship seven times between 1903 and 1914. Mrs. G. W. Hillyard, earlier back, and Mlle. Lenglen, a generation after, each won it six times.

But championship conditions changed with the passing of the old Wimbledon. At the new Wimbledon—that is, since 1922—holders were required to "play through"; they could not exercise their old prerogative of standing out until their challenger, perhaps weary and worn in the turmoil of competition, had emerged.

Mrs. Moody has "played through" and survived six times; on four of these occasions she has been the holder. This feat is, in itself, a record, for Mlle. Lenglen, in her championship career, was not required to "play through" in 1920 and 1921, and only twice as holder did she "play through" and win.

Mlle. Lenglen was never beaten in the championship at Wimbledon; Mrs. Moody only once—in 1924, when, as Miss Wills, making her début, she lost to Miss McKane (now Mrs. Godfree) in the final after winning the first set and leading four-one in the second. This was a fine strategic victory for the English player, and Miss Wills was so surprised at the turn of fortune that she was unconscious of the score at the finish.

I WISH I had jotted down all the humorous "asides" I have heard at Wimbledon; this week is their airing time. There was the Rumanian player who, having heard the crowd applaud him while he held a champion at bay, saw the throng, as the tide began to turn, move off to more exciting fields. "The rats are deserting the sinking ship" was his sardonic comment.

PASSER-BY.

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Lady Jersey

Went neatly dressed in tweeds to see the non-existent polo; if the weather hadn't stopped play, there would have been two good games to watch

Miss Nan McGowan

Sir Harry McGowan's lovely daughter also arrived to see the Ranelagh Open and Buenos Aires Cup finals, which were postponed

Mrs. Ereld Cardiff

Waited and hoped, and, like the rest of the gallery's decorations, she gossiped a little while she waited. Ereld Cardiff is in the Scots Guards

Ranelagh Regrets . . .

There Was No Polo for Them to Watch

Miss Molly Lane, who had on one of the regulation flannel suits, is talking to Prince "Alex" Mdivani, who would have been playing for Les Diables at Hurlingham if the rain hadn't interfered

Below: Mrs. Selby MacCreery went to see her husband play for the Panthers versus the Greys in the Buenos Aires Cup final. She was Josephine Grant, of Burlinghame, California, before her marriage

Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth and Mrs. Sinclair, both grey-flannelled, waited around until General Marchant gave his "No play" verdict

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Blue-and-white linen embroidered with a zig-zag design is the material used for this coat and skirt. It is a Matita model, with a belted coat and wide navy revers. Inverted pleats lend width to the well-tailored skirt. Matita suits, frocks and beach clothes have an enviable reputation; some are made in a new fabric which looks exactly like linen and wears remarkably well. There is also a new coat-cape which, in front, looks like a hip-length jacket fastened at the neck by two plain buttons on bib-shaped facings attached to the collar. The back view, however, suggests a graceful cape. This combination is secured by letting the back part fall away in full raglan style from the sleeve seams

Peter Clark

Holiday Hats

Philip Harben

Lastex yarn has contributed much to the world of fashion, as it has enabled milliners to create becoming hats which will not blow off in the wind. This yarn consists of a patent resilient core round which are spun fine threads of silk, wool, or cotton, according to need. When knitted or woven into a fabric, it imparts a lasting elasticity, however lacking in resilience such a fabric may ordinarily be. It is incorporated in the hats on this page, which, together with other models, are sold nearly everywhere. The one at the top left-hand corner is in stitched buttercup linen, trimmed with brown petersham. Above is a grey felt designed for country wear, with a stitched brim; while the hat on the left is expressed in royal blue taffeta with a halo brim and shirred crown

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Sale Begins July 1st.

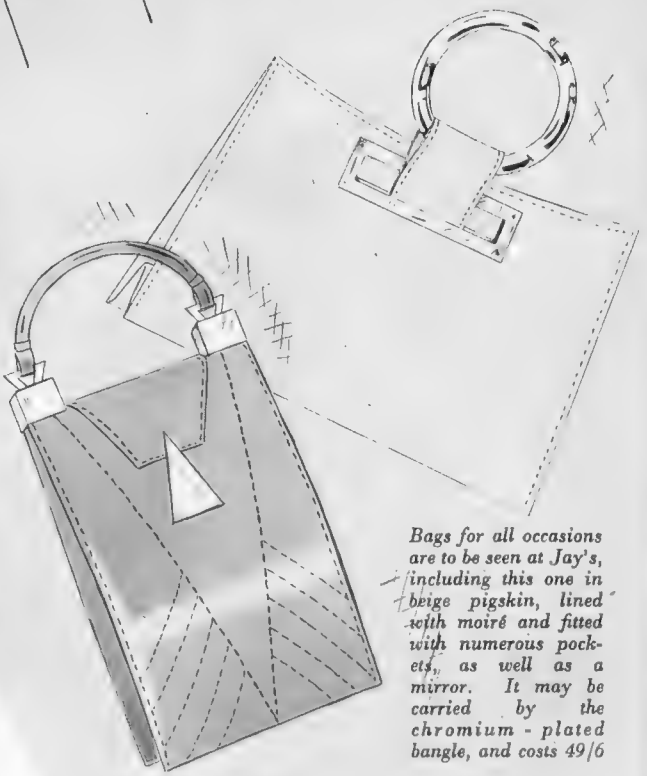
HARVEY NICHOLS OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

The Bystander Turns in search of NOVELTIES

Discovered by Peta
Pictured by Pam.

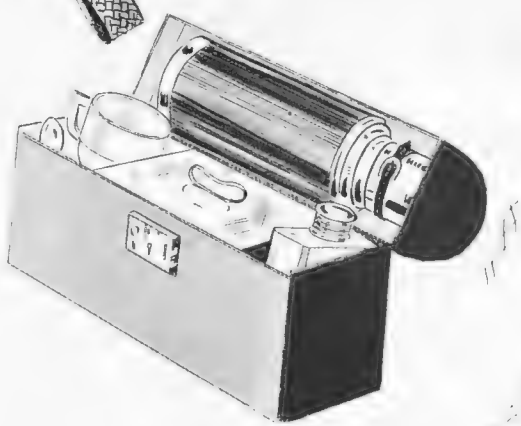
There is an element of surprise about this belt, as not only is it made from plaited kangaroo hide, but a concealed watch, which keeps excellent time, forms a part of the silver buckle. It may be seen at Swaine and Adeney, 185, Piccadilly

Red, white and black is the colour-scheme of this scarf from Jay's, Regent Street. It is made in crisp faille with fringed ends and black and white spots on a red and white background



Brown calf is used for this handsome bag, which also comes from Jay's and is noticeable for its unusual shape. The clasp and frame are gilt, while stitching is introduced for decorative purposes

Bags for all occasions are to be seen at Jay's, including this one in beige pigskin, lined with moiré and fitted with numerous pockets, as well as a mirror. It may be carried by the chromium-plated bangle, and costs 49/6



This case is ideal for picnics, a day's shooting, or travelling, as it is compact and easy to carry. It is made of brown hide and is fitted with a thermos, milk bottle, cake tin, etc., and costs £2 10s. at Swaine and Adeney

The "Packington" case has been specially designed for motoring or cruising, and is fitted with an adjustable tray. Every dress is packed on its hanger, which simplifies unpacking and eliminates creasing; there is also a collapsible boot division in the bottom. From Harrods, Knights-

The child on the left is wearing a knitted bathing-suit and coat in red and white wool from the White House, 51, New Bond Street, while her elder sister has a blue and white pin-spot muslin frock with a Peter Pan collar and smocking across the front. This has knickers to match

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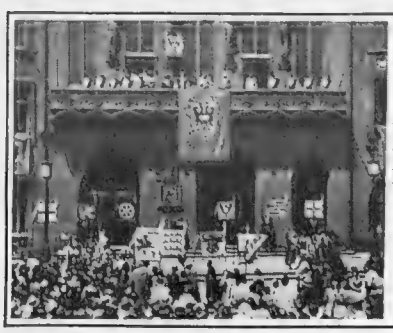

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The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Four Corners of the World

By A. G. Macdonell

MAJOR P. C. WREN is a remarkable person. He can infuriate a reader, he can madden him with his pukka-sahibs, he can drive him to frenzy with his fearful panegyrics of the wonders and splendours of the British Raj, and yet, in spite of everything, he can get away with it. His new book, *Explosion* (Murray; 7s. 6d.), is a perfect example of this singular talent. There are pages in it which would try the temper of the Archangel Gabriel, but that eminent personage, however angry, would not be able to put the book down until he had finished it. For Major Wren is a born story-teller. He can dress his story up in any sort of verbiage, but the result is a story. As the modern generation would say, very definitely a story. *Explosion* is a tale of a terrorist plot in India, complete with subtle plotters, poor, silly dupes, and a brilliantly skilful English policeman. It is, of course, bound to be reminiscent of Kim, and Major Wren's policeman is bound to be reminiscent of the great Strickland, but there is a vigour about *Explosion* which carries it along on its own merits, and also there is what is technically known as "a wealth of local colour." For the gallant Major undoubtedly knows his India, and his descriptive writing is capital.

Wright, Bournemouth

P. C. Wren, the well-known author of "Beau Geste" and many other exciting novels, whose new book, "Explosion," is reviewed on this page

MADAME CONCHA ESPINA is, I am told, a famous Spanish novelist, and certainly her novel, *The Woman and the Sea* (Jarrolds; 7s. 6d.), bears all the marks of expertness and experience. It is a curious tale, almost dull and never quite dull. It contains just enough story, and is just well enough written, to make you want to know what is going to happen. The centre of it is a woman who is determined to live her own life, utterly regardless of the feelings, welfare, and happiness of everyone else in the world. In consequence, she destroys everyone she meets, riding roughshod over them and leaving them shattered behind. The climax comes when she challenges her husband to go to sea in a small boat in a howling storm. He, sensibly enough, is unwilling to go. She taunts him with being a coward. That was a stupid thing to do, in all conscience. But the husband turns in an even stupider one. He accepts the challenge, goes to sea in the small boat, and is duly drowned for his trouble. The description of this idiotic exploit is very well done, but it has to labour with a fundamental difficulty which can never be overcome, no matter how hard one may try. This is that you simply cannot believe that any two people could behave in such a childishly silly way, and that, furthermore, if they did behave like that, they are hardly worth lavishing the pains of writing about or the trouble of reading about.

"AMERICA—A PRACTICAL HANDBOOK" (Hamish Hamilton; 5s.) is by R. E. Mitchell, and is an admirable book. It is a clear, concise, unpedantic guide-book to the customs, habits, peculiarities, language, idiosyncrasies, fauna and flora of the United States. It is, in fact, a sort of humanised Baedeker. Every single person who is going to pay a visit to America for the first time ought to buy this book and study it carefully. It will allay many fears, explain many apparently incredible things, and solve many difficulties. For instance, Mr. Mitchell (who has lived for three years in America, and, being a South Welshman, can survey the scene with a complete detachment) prints a glossary of American words and explains the difference between a tram and a trolley, a street-car and a truck, and the fundamental similarity between a tin and a can. He tells you how to pronounce the names of cities and how to drive a motor-car (I beg your pardon, I mean an automobile), what to tip a taxi-driver, and what to look at in Fifth Avenue. Mr. Mitchell is an admirable corrective for some of the ridiculous ideas about America that have been scattered so rashly and so nonchalantly by certain British authors. It is high time that Britain realised that the average American tourist in Europe is no more representative of America than the average British tourist in Europe is of Britain. Too many prejudices have been founded on that misconception.

IN these days when young authors travel to the ends of the earth in search of new material, new scenes, and old civilisations, it is something of an achievement to discover some corner of the world which has been overlooked by Mr. Alec Waugh and his brother, Mr. Evelyn Waugh. Mr. Leonard Barnes has performed this remarkable feat in *Zulu Paraclete* (Davies; 7s. 6d.). So far as I know, there is no other modern novel about primitive life on the soil in Zululand. Rider Haggard, of course, wrote some immortal romances about Unbopa and Umslopogaas, those great Zulus, but I cannot recall a recent description of that virile, child-like, dangerous, attractive people. And Mr. Barnes has done it very well. His heroes are two young men who find post-war England very tame, very narrow, and utterly unsympathetic to Young Endeavour. So they pack up their knapsacks and set out on the great adventure of trying to earn a living in a wild and unknown country. Mr. Barnes gives a most attractive picture—if life in a savage jungle can ever really be described as attractive—of the country, and his writing about the wild animals sometimes rises to heights of genuine beauty. For he is clearly one who prefers to chase the lion and the giraffe with a camera rather than with a gun, and he is incessantly being brought up short by the loveliness of the animals in their native surroundings. *Zulu Paraclete* is an unusual and interesting book.

THE new volume of the O. Henry Memorial Prize short stories has come from the house of Heinemann at the very moderate cost of 7s. 6d. I say "moderate" because there is an extraordinary amount of good work in it. The stories are all American, and in that land of incessant hurry the short story has reached a very high pitch of development. None of the writers are up to the level of O. Henry himself, that wonderful master of the art, but nevertheless they are very good. Among the writers in this year's selection are J. S. Stribling, Pearl Buck, Thomas Wolfe, and William Saroyan, names which are, in themselves, a sufficient guarantee of excellence. There is one story in particular which remains in the mind as a first-class example. It is simply a description of two men getting a negro to crank up their car on a frosty day. That is all. But it is compact with drama.

Luncheon at the Beach Restaurant RBW

The summer sea laps irresistibly a few feet below your balcony at the Beach Hotel and tempts you down almost as soon as you have breakfasted. You bask, you bathe, you gossip . . . and already it is time for lunch.

The Beach Restaurant, overlooking as fine a seawater swimming pool as any in Europe, is the ideal place to end a summer morning. Whether one has been bathing, sailing, playing tennis at the Country Club or golf up at Mont Agel—everybody is there.

At Monte Carlo Beach the design for a perfect Summer resort has been perfectly carried out. Hotels, restaurants, swimming pool, tennis courts, Summer Sporting Club have all been built at the very edge of the sea within a stone's throw of each other.

And it is not too far—a night's journey by rail, or a day's journey by air. And staying there is not expensive, even at the best hotels, where under an inclusive arrangement, you may take your meals without extra charge at the Sporting Club or the Beach Restaurant as well as in your hotel.

Monte Carlo Beach

Split by the L.T.A.

F. H. D. Wilde and C. R. D. Tuckey, who won the doubles at Beckenham against an international field. In view of the Davis Cup contest, Wilde will be partnered by I. G. Collins at Wimbledon. The latter, when playing with J. C. Gregory, made about the best British pair seen on court since the war

Nominated by Japan

Left: Jiro Yamagishi, Champion of Japan, and Hideo Nishimura, who is ranked second. They represent their country in the Davis Cup contests. In his play Yamagishi resembles his late compatriot, Jiro Satoh, who came to such a tragic end last year

Señorita Anita Lizana

Who, though unaccustomed to grass courts, seems to play exceedingly well on them, wet or otherwise. Coming, as she does, from Chili, she may also appreciate this English summer

The Test At

Sport with the Lid Off: By "Mark Over"

WELL, the first Test match is over and we can judge pretty much how the South Africans are likely to shape this season. And straightway we are forced to the conclusion that there is a vast difference between the Springboks and the Australians, who came here last summer to trounce us—and take the "Ashes" in the bargain.

We are, maybe, inclined to see these very likeable South Africans through a haze of sentimentality. It is only natural, I suppose. After the fire and fury of the matches against Australia—and there is a definite atmosphere about the Tests—we look upon our skirmishes against South Africa as rather jollier affairs. Though, to be sure, the rate of run-getting of some of our leading batsmen did at times invest the recent Trent Bridge match with undue solemnity!

Yet, to get down to brass tacks, there is little doubt that when it comes to run-getting at speed the South Africans—bless their hearts!—have a long way to go before they approach the Australians. You may or may not know the Australians—the grim, austere, time-defying Australians—moved at what, to quote the ever-quotable Neville Cardus, "was the self-denying speed of eighty runs an hour." And this, mark you, in Tests! Against this, the South Africans' batting tempo was pretty insignificant. They went out to save the game from the start of their knock.

For this, maybe, we cannot blame them. England had batted with majestic slowness through the livelong first day. True enough, Sutcliffe and R. E. S. Wyatt began at a run-a-minute pace; but then, realising, I suppose, that it was a Test, they slowed down into the old, solemn gait we know so well. Indeed, at times it was not so much solid as stolid batsmanship.

AND so, here and now, I make a call for brighter Test batsmanship. Let our leading players remember that we are playing the South Africans in three-day games—not the four-day affairs in which we pit ourselves against the Australians. Let there be a spirit of adventure, a more carefree attitude, with the gas-connading batsmanship in which we used to delight coming out in all its glory.

Not, mind you, that I have any fault to find with the immaculate Sutcliffe, who gave the complete answer to his critics in the Nottingham match. Sutcliffe is an opening batsman, and, as such, has a very definite mission. He is there to wear down the bowling. Still, even Sutcliffe—whom I frankly admire for his imperturbable air and his forthright style—could, in all truth, have quickened the pace once the edge had been taken off the South African attack.

However, there it is: we go into the second Test at Lord's with honours even. By this time, of course, we know the composition of the England team. By this time, too, we know whether the England Selectors have seen fit to

At the Draw for the Greyhound Derby

General Duncan, senior steward of the Greyhound Racing Association, and Mr. F. Genle at the luncheon of the G.R.A., when the draw for the Greyhound Derby took place

rent Bridge Before It Was Washed Out

The South African team may well return home paraphrasing the old song and singing "Hast thou forgotten, friends, so soon, those days, those filthy days in June?" for the inclement weather has spoilt ordinary matches and washed out the first Test at Nottingham, where the picture on the left shows Siedle giving what looks like a chance to Hammond

play Leslie Ames, of Kent, for his batsmanship alone, and give over the wicket-keeping job to someone in more regular practice. Truth is, Ames has often given way this season for the brilliant amateur, Levett, as Kent's stumper.

He is definitely not in "regular work" behind the wickets. And so, as we saw at Nottingham, there is not quite the same snap and "fire" about his work. Which, after all, is only to be expected.

Back from a World Tour

Evelyn Dearman and Nancy Lyle, Wightman Cup choices and doubles champions of Germany, Italy, Australia, and New Zealand. The former also holds the Championship of Egypt with Joan Ingram by winning in the final ten games in succession from Helen Jacobs and Elizabeth Ryan

A Dangerous Pair

Madame Henrotin, of France, and Mrs. Andrus, of U.S.A., runners-up at Wimbledon in 1934. They won the doubles at Beckenham this year. Mrs. Andrus has been chosen for the Wightman Cup team

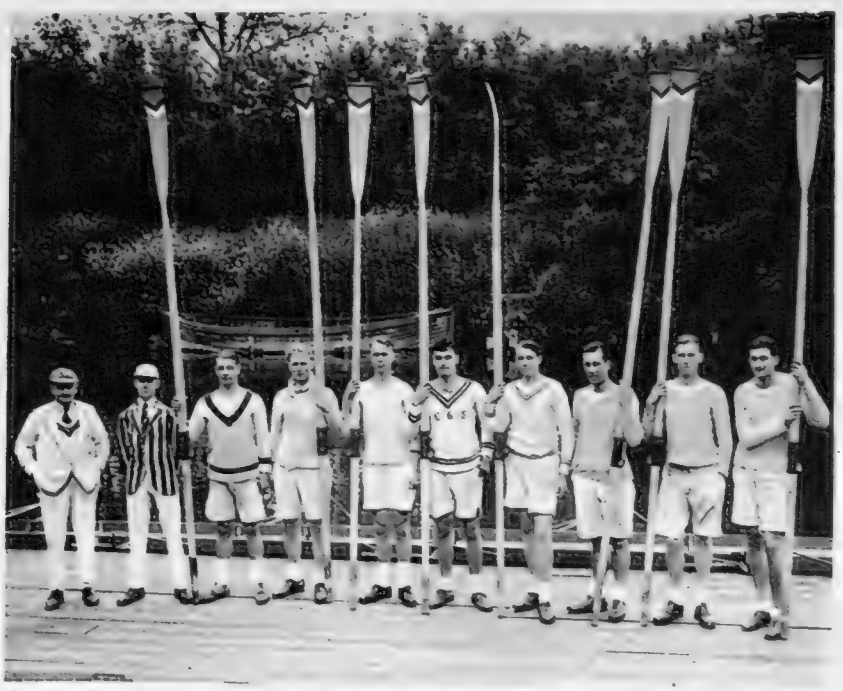
AND now I am going to swing from cricket to football. An unseasonable subject? Not a bit of it, for we are mightily interested just now in the All Blacks' team to visit this country next season. Well, first thing, I am sorry that George Nepia, one of the greatest of full-backs, will not be coming over here. Nepia is approaching thirty, and thus, I suppose, in the breathless rush of international football, he is not so quick, not quite so good as he was. It is quite inevitable, but what a sad thought it is that we shall not see him—or his like—again over here.

(*Continued on page* x)

Pony Racing Popularity

Mrs. D. Thomas, the owner, leading in Evasion (T. Carey up), after winning the Northolt Derby at Northolt Park

Right: Rowing has been revived at the R.M.C., Sandhurst, and the crew to represent the College in the Ladies' Plate at Henley (seen on the right) are: G. E. Buck (coach), H. Walcot (cox), R. T. H. Lonsdale (bow), L. S. Graham-Clarke, (2) V. O. S. Wildish (stroke), C. Brooke-Smith (7), N. L. Philips (6), D. C. B. Walker (5), J. A. C. Richardson (4), and J. W. A. Meredith (3). N. L. Philips was captain of the Eton Eight, and C. Brooke-Smith captained Shrewsbury



A Sandhurst Crew for Henley

1

View of the Club-House

(1) W. Aitken (captain), F. R. Watson (president), T. Haslam (hon. sec.). (2) T. W. Hoggarth (committeeman), J. H. Thomas (social committeeman). (3) A. I. Moffat (committeeman), W. A. Whitley. (4) L. to r. from Back Row: D. W. Howie, G. Garnett, H. Wills, Senr., A. J. Burns, W. Aitken (captain), L. S. Earl, R. Morris, J. Shields (professional), W. Sheppard. (5) S. T. Clarke, N. Greenbank, J. May, J. Nicholson (committeeman), S. T. Greenbank, and T. H. Allen. (6) C. V. Turner, W. Fisher, G. M. Hodgson (committeeman), and A. L. Smith. (7) H. Wills, Junr., G. Dennison and A. L. Sherriff (committeeman). (8) W. T. Wilkin, J. S. Jordan, J. W. Rooke

Golf Clubs at Home

Kendal, Westmorland

2

3

8

Prospects for the Open Golf Championship

By J. S. F. Morrison

The Monmouthshire County Golf Championship

Tuning Up for the Championship

Above: Lawson Little, the Amateur Champion, and Robert Sweeny (right), the American amateur, on the links at Gullane, Haddingtonshire, playing a practice round preparatory to the Open Golf Championship, which was begun at Muirfield last Saturday

Left (l. to r.): the winning team, Newport: Leslie Rowlands (holder Newport Club Championship), Roger Chapman (Team Captain and former County Champion), Col. T. Pearson, D.S.O. (Vice-Chairman Monmouthshire County Golf Union), J. A. Chapman (winner of the individual championship), and Ken Llewellyn at the Tredegar Park Club, Newport

TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY-THREE players, nearly fifty less than last year, entered for the Open Championship, and on the day this issue appears one hundred players and all those tying for the one hundredth place will still be competing on the links of the Honourable Company of Golfers at Muirfield.

On the last occasion the Open was played on this links Walter Hagen won with a score of 292, consisting of three 75's and a 67 in the second round. When play started it was considered extremely unlikely that any player would beat 70 on this long, wind-swept links. However, besides Hagen's 67 Alliss returned 69 in the first round and Leo Diegel 69 in the second. Diegel followed up this fine round with an 82 and gave himself too much to do to have any hope of success. Leo Diegel can probably, when he is on the job, produce more brilliant golf than any man living, but he does not seem able to play four consecutive rounds without having a mediocre round. If the winner was decided on the best three or four rounds played Diegel would have won several important championships, including the Open.

IT really does appear that this year the Championship will be won by a Briton. The total number of entrants from overseas is only twenty-three, and of these eight are from the U.S.A. and include two amateurs. Sarazen is not coming over, so the chief danger seems to come from Macdonald Smith, Henry Picard and Lawson Little. Picard, who has entered from the Hershey Golf Club, is a newcomer to the Open, but as he finished in the sixth place in the American Open a few days ago he must have a chance; he was only seven shots behind the winner. Macdonald Smith is a great player, but he has on several occasions, both in this country and America, found the final round too severe a test for his nerves and temperament. Lawson Little, I think, has the best chance of all the Americans of taking the cup back to where it must nearly consider to be its home. He has the temperament, the nerves, and the strength to go through a championship without getting exhausted, and if he is in the lead with one round to go I cannot see him being caught. If it blows, as it can on this exposed links, Little's chance will be greatly diminished.

Auguste Boyer, from France, is such a good player, and at the present time is playing well, as we saw when he won the foursomes at Addington with Francis Francis, that he must be considered as a prospective winner.

S. F. Brews, Durban G.C., South Africa, whose entry went astray, and who, I think, is a little fortunate to be allowed to play, was second last year. The Royal and Ancient Club, when it makes rules and regulations, usually sees that they are kept to the letter. However, after considering a letter from the Professional Golfers' Association saying it had no objection to Brews taking part, it was decided to allow Brews to play—a sporting gesture which I do not think would have been made if the player concerned had been resident in the British Isles.

A. H. Padgham, Sundridge Park, has been knocking at the door of the Open for several years, and I do think that his turn is bound to come. I do not know of any golfer who plays so naturally and easily as Padgham. With apparently no effort he hits the ball as far as anyone, and when the ordinary mortal is having a full-blooded shot with an iron Padgham appears to get the same result with a little flick under complete control. I saw Padgham play a few days ago in an exhibition match at the opening of a new course at Seaton, South Devon, and I must say he impressed me very much indeed. It is difficult to believe that any golfer can play better than he did on this occasion. The Seaton course is situated on the high ground on the main road from Sidmouth to Lyme Regis; from the course magnificent views over the sea to the south and up the Axe valley to the north can be enjoyed.

WE now come to T. H. Cotton, the holder. He has to date had a most successful season. He was second, only one shot behind Charles Whitcombe, at Birkdale, where he would have tied if he had not taken four at the one short eighteenth hole in his last round. He won at Sand Moor and proved once again that he is as good when playing in a match as when playing in a medal round. What a pity the same cannot be said of many of our leading amateurs.

Cotton has not had very much competitive play this year, but he seems to be able to play himself into his best form without it. In the competitions in which he has taken part this year his play to and through the green has been as near perfection as you can imagine, and if he was a reliable putter I think he would be the biggest certainty since the war. His method of putting is certainly not impressive, but he seems somehow to get the ball into the hole, and that is what counts, although it does give his supporters many anxious moments. Cotton has won, and the experience of winning is certainly a great asset. I do not agree with those who state that it is less difficult to win a championship than to retain one.

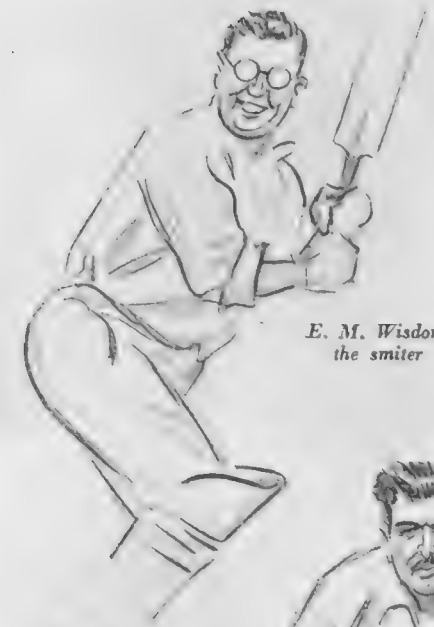
Percy Alliss has been very close on many occasions and has just given Cotton a close match in the Leeds tournament, and would have given him a still closer one if a spectator had been watching the play and not allowed himself to be hit by Cotton and thus deflected a bad shot from trouble.

If I have not mentioned the winner many others besides myself will be surprised.

Cotton, in my opinion, is the most likely winner, and I think Little is nearly certain to be the leading amateur. We will know, unless there is a tie, on Friday night if my forecast is correct.

Stoics at Play

Some Members of a Famous Cricket Club Caught in the Act by H. H. Harris

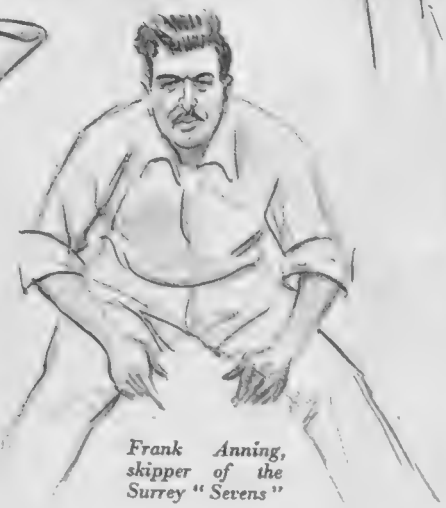


E. M. Wisdom, the smiter

Left: Bobby Andrews, the skipper

Leslie Blann, in good form

"Chappy" Sydney Chapman, the Stoics' star bowler



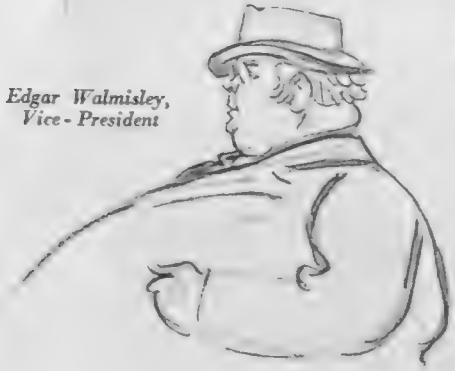
Frank Anning, skipper of the Surrey "Sevens"

Geoffrey Harrison, sending down a good over

E. M. G. Austin behind the stumps

Left: H. L. V. Day, the old "Rugger" player, up against it

"Rummy" Vale-Rumball, Hon. Match Secretary



Edgar Walmisley, Vice-President

"Dan" Steed in serious mood

Right: "Bill" Lavers in his lucky hat

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Charles E. Brown

How close do they fly? A pilot's view of a formation flight by Number 32 Squadron, stationed at Northolt. Their Bristol "Bulldogs" are rehearsing for the R.A.F. Display to be staged at Hendon on Saturday next, June 29th

All Roads Lead To Hendon

'Planes and Performances

By Charles Ward

The Sixteenth R.A.F. Display

ON Saturday next the R.A.F. is at home to its public. Never before has such interest been displayed in the air, and a record crowd is expected at Hendon. During the first twenty-five days following the Government's announcement that the R.A.F. was to be trebled in size, more than 60,000 enquiries were received from applicants wanting to join what is now our first line of defence. The standard of fitness for the R.A.F. is a high one. Every year the duties of pilots tend to become more complicated, whilst at the same time science reduces the art of flying more and more to a mechanical operation. All the same, there is still a glamour about flying, and the air attracts the best type of youth, so the Service can afford to set the highest standard for physical fitness. The Display itself includes many popular items, and for those who want their money's-worth, it extends from 12.30 until 6 p.m. In the Headquarters Race, always the first event, nine senior officers compete for a cup presented by the Duke of York over a course of twenty-eight miles in length. This is a handicap race, in which the slowest machine is a Wapiti and the fastest a Fury. Aerobatics, including those with smoke, the latter supplied by Major Jack Savage, are the subject of at least four demonstrations. Re-fuelling in the air is to be staged again, the tanker on this occasion being a Wallace, and the 'plane taking in supplies a Hart. This operation is one of the most difficult to perform. Under certain circumstances, it may be desirable to re-fuel 'planes in the air, and this means that a flying petrol tank has to make contact by means of a pipe whilst the two aircraft are flying in formation at not less than one hundred miles per hour. It has been proved that a practiced team can carry out this stunt an indefinite number of times. In America, where these things happen for advertising purposes, the duration record with re-fuelling is round about three weeks in the air without landing. Crazy flying will again be carried out by a comparison between the real thing and an imaginary pupil's efforts to follow the instructor's manœuvres. An Overstrand will take the place of the Sidestrand that has for many years been the victim of an onslaught by three single-seater fighters, and the pilot of the big day bomber will prove that it is still possible to stunt with two engines. One of the most thrilling events is converging bombing; this will be carried out by Bulldogs from No. 17 Fighter Squadron. The Army Co-operation event is an example of the possibilities for dropping and

(*Continued on page* vi)

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BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

. . . what AUSTIN OWNERS say about INVESTING

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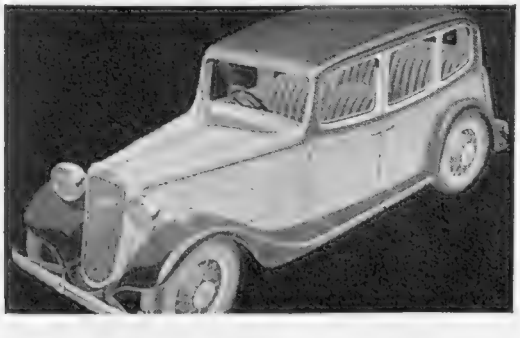
* * *

So writes an owner who has driven Austin cars exclusively for twelve years. In fact, the Doctor has left so little unsaid that we will simply repeat in brief what he says in detail. Here it is in ten words:



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BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

All Roads Lead To Hendon

(Continued from page iv)

picking up mails without landing. Packages are delivered by parachute, and bags are picked up by grapnel suspended from the aircraft, which flies low over a cord at the end of which a bag is attached.

Slow Landings and Inverted Flight

THE "Cierva" Autogiro, known in the Service as the "Rota," will hover, descend vertically, and make a landing with no forward run. The type is being used for army co-operation and for staff duties, when an infantry or artillery officer wishes to observe the progress of an engagement. Peculiarities of the Rota are that it has no wings, ailerons, elevators, or rudder in the accepted sense of the terms, control being effected through a hanging stick which alters the angle of the revolving wing. The latest experimental Autogiro is able to jump off the ground to a height of twenty or thirty feet. The usual parachute descent in formation will be made, and if the weather is favourable, there will be live drops. Every Irvin 'chute is tested from the air with a dummy weighing 200 lb. before being issued to a squadron. Three instructors from the Central Flying School will prove that it is just as easy to fly upside-down as the right way up. The engines, of course, are specially modified to enable them to function in an inverted position.

A group at Hatfield watching the R.A.F. Flying Club display. From l. to r.: Lord Trenchard, Captain Winkley, hon. sec. of the Club, Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, the new S. of S. for Air, Flying Officer Hammerton, and Sir Harry Brittain, whose son started the Club

The "Sarafand"—a Giant Flying-Boat

DETAILS of the largest aircraft yet built in this country, which is also the biggest military flying-boat in the world, are now available. The "Sarafand," built by Short Brothers at Rochester, weighs thirty-one tons, is ninety feet long, one hundred and twenty feet wide, and has a tail forty-one feet in span, larger than the main plane of many light aircraft. This flying ship, which will lead a formation at the Display, marks a step forward of vast importance in the development of marine aircraft. Within the next ten years, still larger flying-boats will be put into service across the oceans to carry the mails, and to patrol our trade routes, performing many duties now reserved for destroyers and light cruisers. The "Sarafand" has six Rolls-Royce engines, each developing nearly one thousand horse-power, and at full speed, carrying eleven tons of useful load, it attains one hundred and fifty miles an hour. There are living quarters on board for a crew of ten, and each of the "stations" from the bow to the gun emplacement in the tail, is linked by telephone. Which reminds me that the B.B.C. has made special arrangements for the Display, commentary, as usual, by Sq.-Ldr. Helmore, who is without doubt the best outside broadcaster in the country. For the Royal Review at Mildenhall and Duxford a plan has been prepared so that he can report movements of H.M. the King and the three hundred aircraft taking part.

(Continued on page viii).

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All Roads Lead To Hendon *(Continued from page vi)*

The New Moth

THE "Hornet" Moth, eighty-seventh De Havilland design, which was first seen publicly in the King's Cup air race last year, is now on sale. It is a perfect aerocar, with wide, comfortable seats arranged side-by-side for two, and plenty of room for luggage. The "Hornet" is the child of the original Moth first flown ten years ago, and since sold in numbers ranging up to more than four thousand. The new design embodies all the knowledge and experience gained from hundreds of thousands of flying hours on the rest of the Moth family. A great advance has been made in the matter of control, which has been reduced for all normal purposes to movement of the stick alone, the rudder bar being unnecessary except when manœuvring on the ground. The "Hornet" cannot be spun unless the rudder is used, which means that it is particularly safe in the hands of a pilot with little experience. For instructional purposes it becomes quite a normal aeroplane, but with the advantages that pilot and pupil sit side-by-side—an arrangement instituted many years ago by Blackburn's with their Bluebird, now the B.2. Trainer—and they are also under cover, relieved of the paraphernalia of helmet, goggles, and all the other kit necessary in open cockpits. With all controls in use the aircraft is highly manœuvrable, and is fully stressed for aerobatics. Regulations demand, however, that a cabin aeroplane must be fitted with doors that can be instantly jettisoned if it is to qualify for an aerobatic C. of A., and therefore the "Hornet" will be supplied in the ordinary way with the normal certificate. Cost and performance figures are interesting. The price of the "Hornet" is £875—and, cruising at 111 m.p.h., its Gipsy engine consumes just under 6 gallons an hour, equivalent to nearly 19 miles to the gallon. Given reasonable use, the engine need not be dismantled for overhaul till it has flown for 750 hours, which is more than 80,000 miles at the "Hornet's" cruising speed. By comparison with a car of the same price, it is easy to see that such an aeroplane as the "Hornet" is much more efficient and economical.

The R.F.C., 1916, meets the R.A.F., 1935, at Tangmere. Lt.-Col. R. Barry-Martin, the C.O. of No. 22 Squadron in 1916, presenting a Shield for bombing and firing from old members to Squadron-Leader Warne-Browne, who is the present commanding officer. No. 22 Squadron was formed at Tangmere, nineteen years ago

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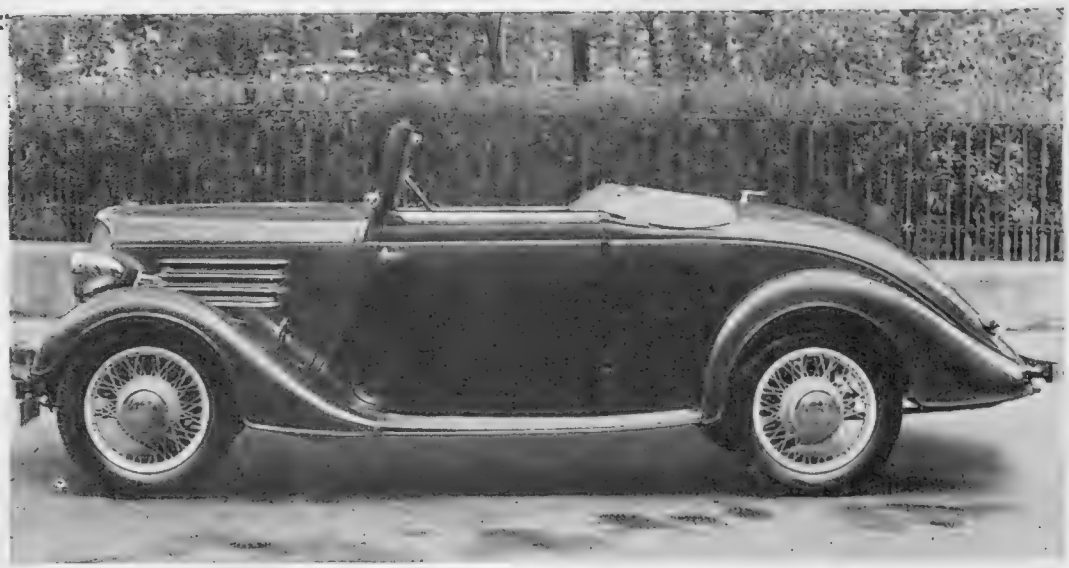

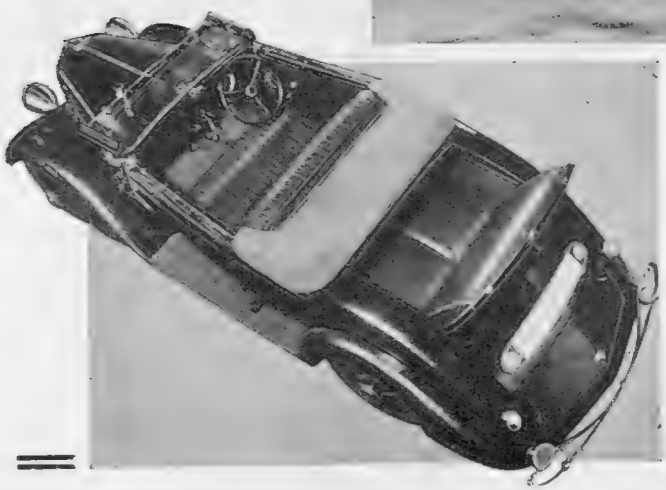

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Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 583)*

A New Zealand Rugby critic writes to tell me that the side is "pretty strong," though I seem to detect that there is no very great enthusiasm over the All Blacks' chances. Naturally, he wrote before the side was definitely chosen, but I gather that the tourists will be strong forward and sound behind the scrum, without approaching the brilliance of the last team. One man to watch, I am told, is McLean, an honest-to-goodness forward who may blaze fresh trials of glory over here.

And, by the way, there is quite a lot of work going on behind the scenes in anticipation of the New Zealand team's visit. They have enlarged Murrayfield. And Twickenham, I gather, are expecting that the record crowd which saw last season's Welsh match will be exceeded; though goodness knows how they're going to get any more people into the ground!

Did you notice, by the way, what a healthy state the Rugby Union is in just now? They have wiped out some £17,000 of a £27,000 overdraft, and there is some £40,000 on loan to clubs! Pretty prosperous, this. Again, gate receipts are soaring, season by season. There were 73,000 people at the game with Wales, and over £15,000 were taken at the "gate." Not only that, but the game with Ireland brought in some £12,000! Staggering figures, and yet, week by week, the clubs are playing before gates of anything from 100 upwards and downwards. It is very perplexing.

And now to "Soccer," where there has been quite a lot of buying and selling just lately. For instance, Arsenal have secured John Vance Milne, a twenty-two-year-old left-winger from Blackburn Rovers. Here I see the shrewd work of genial George Allison. For some time he has needed a ready-made deputy for the brilliant Clifford Bastin; and in Milne, a winger in the modern style, with a shot in his boots, he seems to have found the right man. Meanwhile, there has been one of the most notable—and significant—transfers for some seasons. I refer to the move of Napier, Scotland's scheming forward, from Glasgow Celtic to Derby County. Napier now becomes club-mate to the player who helped him bewilder England at Hampden Park at the end of last season—"Dally" Duncan. These two have only to dovetail as a club pair in the same fashion as they did against England, to form one of the best wings in post-war football.

Not only that; Hughie Gallacher is there in the centre-forward berth. And Gallacher was out against England with Duncan and Napier! Again, on the right wing is Samuel Crooks, whose flashing runs for England made him one of the outstanding forwards for years. So watch Derby County next season. With their four internationals I fully believe that they are going to do great things in the coming "Soccer" campaign.

Finally, I must refer to the surprising defeat of Maximilian Adalbert Baer by James J. Braddock in the world's heavy-weight title fight at the Long Island Bowl. What a shock! It made ninety-nine per cent. of the boxing experts look pretty silly—but not so silly as it made our Max Baer.

As it is, Braddock is by no means a great champion. Indeed, there has been no real champion since the Dempsey-Tunney era. Still, there it is: we find Braddock, ex-dock labourer, who a year ago was receiving what is the equivalent to our "dole," in sight of I know not what riches. Whom will he meet? It seems that the only logical contender for the title is Max Schmeling, the German heavy-weight. If these two are matched, then my money is good and heavy for Schmeling, who—praise be!—is a fighter pure and simple with no sidelines in the cabaret-cum-Hollywood business like that great "playboy," Max Baer.

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April Hoy, aged seven, in the costume she wore yesterday (Tuesday) for her song and dance at Miss Vacani's matinée in aid of the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for Children, at the London Hippodrome

The Editor's Box

"Shell" Guides

A "Shell" *Guide to Derbyshire*, on the same lines as the "Shell" guides to Cornwall, Wiltshire, and Kent, has lately been published, and the latest issue maintains the same high standard as those published in the past.

The Contents of this Derbyshire guide include a map showing the roads to Derbyshire and one, contour coloured, of the county itself. Included in the reading matter are articles on How to See Derbyshire, Ancient Derbyshire, Great Families and Great Houses, the Rivers and Fishing, the Industries and Places, and special contributions on the High Peak and its wonders, while the Index is admirably arranged and packed with information. The large number of photographs of Derbyshire included in the guide are exceedingly attractive and beautifully reproduced. Published by the Architectural Press, of Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, at 2*s.* 6*d.*, this guide is most reasonably priced.

A Reminder

Their Majesties the King and Queen are patrons of Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the President is H.R.H. the Duke of York. The charter is "No destitute child ever refused admission." The slogans are: "No red tape"; "No votes required"; "No waiting-list." The motto is "For God and Country."

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All entries for the Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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An exhibition of "Perfume Bottles Through the Ages" was recently held at Coty's Salons, 2, New Bond Street, in co-operation with S. N. Nyburg, of the Antique Art Galleries, 16c, Grafton Street. The exhibition, which was insured for £15,000, represented an almost unique collection dating from the early pomander to modern times. It was very interesting to compare some of the magnificent pieces of Dresden china, Battersea enamel and pique tortoise-shell, many of which were elaborately decorated with gold and precious stones, with the simple yet beautiful bottles designed by Coty. Though the use of perfume is such an old custom, it was not until the last century that it ceased to be regarded as an expensive luxury, and to-day it is possible for every woman to increase her charm by adopting a perfume which accentuates her personality.

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The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

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Hay Wrightson

Judy Guinness

Is engaged to Clifton Penn-Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hughes, of Cartref, Weybridge; she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Guinness, of Hayes Grove, Hayes, Kent, and is one of the leading English women fencers

Hazlerigg — Turner

Arthur William Hazlerigg, son of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. Hazlerigg, D.S.O., Lord of the Manor of Goadby, and Marjorie Dorothea Turner, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. G. F. B. Turner, of 6, Morden Road, Blackheath

Tunbridge

Eileen Lindsay

Is the only child of Robert M. Lindsay, of 22, Wellington Square, S.W.3, and the late Mrs. Lindsay, and is engaged to Guy Frederick Dale, only child of the late Frederick Dale and Mrs. Dale, of Saint Awdrey's Hill Road, Cambridge

Navana

Dorothy Brenda Haggie

Has announced her engagement to Michael Roberts, K.O.Y.L.I., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Roberts, of Walcote, Winchester; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. W. Haggie, of 92, Onslow Gardens, S.W.7

Worth — Longmore

George Arthur Worth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Worth, of Hovenden House, Fleet, Lincs., and Janet Longmore, daughter of Air Marshal and Mrs. Longmore, of Elsham House, Grantham, were married at St. Peter's, Eaton Square

Hay Wrightson

Marjorie Osborne Williams

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Williams, of Gwentland, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, and is engaged to Richard Yockney, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Yockney, of Notton Lodge, Laycock, Wilts

Navana

Janet Jardine

Is to marry William Browne-Clayton, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Brig.-General R. C. Browne-Clayton, of Browne's Hill, Carlow, Ireland; she is the elder daughter of Brig.-General and Mrs. J. B. Jardine, of Chesterknowes, Selkirk

Pearl Freeman

Kitty Richmond

Is the daughter of Mrs. M. L. Richmond, of Alexandra Place, St. Andrews, Fife, and is engaged to the Rev. W. E. Watts, Chaplain of the Guards' Chapel, Chelsea, and son of the Rev. E. G. Watts, of Nether Broughton, Melton Mowbray

Pearl Freeman

Marycita Loveday

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Loveday, of Aynhoe, Banbury, Oxon; her fiancé is Robert S. G. Scott, the Sussex cricketer, son of the late T. G. Scott, and Mrs. Scott, of Pelsham, Peamarsh, Sussex

Dunkerley — Byrne

Walter James Dunkerley, King's Own Malta Regiment, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Dunkerley, of Strada Ridolfo, Stiema, Malta, and Anastatia Connell Byrne, daughter of the late George Byrne, and Mrs. Byrne, of Teave-na-Grena, Monkstown, Co. Dublin, were married at St. Patrick's, Monkstown

Havergal — Anderson

A New Zealand wedding was that of Christopher R. Havergal, H.M.S. Diomedes, son of the Rev. C. Havergal, of Torquay, and Cherry Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Anderson, of Remuera, Auckland, at St. Mary's, Parnell, New Zealand

Gossage — Chamberlayne

Lieut.-Com. R. B. Gossage and Frances Hilda Chamberlayne had a naval wedding at St. Peter's, Vere Street. His parents are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gossage, of Rhiwlas, Machynlleth, North Wales, and hers are Mr. and Mrs. A. Francis Chamberlayne, of Elmswell New Hall, Bury St. Edmunds

Nicholls — Peace

Eric S. A. Nicholls, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Nicholls, and Audrie Mary Peace, the elder daughter of Captain A. G. Peace, R.N., and Mrs. Peace, of Malvern Road, Southsea, were married at All Saints', Ennismore Gardens

Winnifrith — Cochrane

A. J. D. Winnifrith, son of the late Rev. Bertram Winnifrith, and Mrs. Winnifrith, and Lesbia Cochrane, daughter of Arthur Cochrane, Clarenceux King of Arms, and Mrs. Cochrane, of Melbury Cottage, Melbury Road, W.8, were married at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington

Buxton — Pumphrey

Robert J. Buxton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Buxton, of Eastreye, Ware, and Smoo, Sutherland, and Lilla Mary Pumphrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Pumphrey, of Belsay, Northumberland, were married at Bywell St. Peter's, Northumberland

Logan — Milne

An Edinburgh wedding took place when W. A. R. Logan, the Edinburgh Wanderers and Scottish International "rugger" player, married Peggy Stuart Milne, M.A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stuart Milne, of Abbotsford Park, Edinburgh, at North Morningside Church

Howell — Weddell

David G. Howell, son of John Howell, C.B.E., F.R.C.S., of Cheltenham, and Colleen Wendell, daughter of the late Alexander G. Wendell, and Mrs. Wendell, leaving St. Saviour's, Walton Street, after their wedding

Edmondson — Chadwick

George D'Arcy Edmondson, elder son of Mr. D'Arcy Edmondson, of Ashley Gardens, S.W., and Gwynfa Burton Chadwick, only daughter of Sir Burton and Lady Chadwick, of 41, Bramham Gardens, S.W., were married at the Mercers' Chapel, Cheapside

LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Going-Out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

The Carlton

THE CARLTON has now shot its arrow into the very bull's-eye of success. It was packed right out for Dwight Fiske's opening night two weeks ago, with the Duke and Duchess of Kent to head the evening's list of names. And the crowd has continued ever since, and will, as long as Mr. Fiske remains, which is likely to be until the end of the season.

America's cabaret artist No. 1 puts over the most amusing stuff that 's been heard in London for months. Every line gets a laugh, and about every third crack one thinks: "I *must* remember that," but the only thing that sticks is an irrelevancy like "Now, Mrs. Petty-bo, *if* you please," whose context can't be quoted.

It 's about seven years since Dwight Fiske was here before, when he was at Uncle's or the Bat or whatever it was called then, and used to tell a story about a wolf. He has lots of friends here, and is a great social as well as cabaret success.

The only other new thing about the Carlton are its large pink lights, which reduce illumination to the fashionable minimum. It 's an odd taste, to like sitting almost in the dark, but London adores it. Anyway, the room is fairly cool.

Dwight Fiske at the Carlton

Whether he 's playing Chinese bells in the treble or African rumbles in the bass, he has a wicked gleam in his eye to match the stories he tells

The Ritz

AMUSING as the cabaret is, it is really the people who come here who are the most fun—which is true of all the best haunts. It is much gayer here after dark than at lunch time, packed and smart as the one o'clock parade is. Let 's say that the evening gossip is less barbed than the daylight brand, that everyone enjoys themselves rather less at the expense of other people's reputations.

The café chantant idea remains; the turns change. It 's all very Austrian, with Viennese (and very popular) Charlie making his audience sing "Drink, Brother, Drink." He also gets Joe Kaye's band on to the dance-floor, in Tyrolean hats, and leads them in a good old Austrian waltz, which they play as robustly and rhythmically as any Tyrolean locals.

Besides this more or less impromptu fun, there is Reva Rayes, the temperamental little Mexican from the Casa Nuova in Paris, who flashes her eyes and makes great play with her pretty arms while she sings; and Eddie Garr, doing another week's repeat of his amusing sketches and imitations, who comes from New York's Winter Garden Club.

Aletto is still waiting for summer to come before he can serve meals out on the terrace. If he ever gets this venture going, he 'll be in charge of the most popular place in London.

The San Marco

THE SAN MARCO is as usual: full at lunch, full in the evenings, and very well liked by its habitués. So let 's talk about Umberto Picenti: he has made the place what it is, and says that for him it 's the realisation of a dream. Nice to have the reality of a dream turn into such a happy success, but then, he has always been on the crest of the wave.

Was born at Rossini's Pesaro, where his father turned a cardinal's palace into a hotel; departed at thirteen to see the world (promised to go back, but never did); arrived in London at seventeen, via Genoa and Lausanne. Caught the first wave at Prince's when J.-B. Martin of New York picked him out from the commis' ranks and offered him a job at twice his salary in America. He took it, as a waiter, in 1901; six months later was manager, at twenty-two, of Martin's, the smartest restaurant New York ever had. In 1917 volunteered in the American Army, was made a captain in France, and enjoyed the war. Prohibition sent him, his wife

WHAT'S ON IN THE THEATRE

CHOOSE THESE PLAYS—

GRIEF GOES OVER.—A fine performance by Sybil Thorndike; the people are real and convincing, the story is a little under weight: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MASK OF VIRTUE.—A Restoration comedy written to-day; it 's polished, witty, naughty; the stars are Jeanne de Casalis, Lady Tree, Vivien Leigh, Frank Cellier: St. James's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

ROULETTE.—It 's light and amusing; Hella Kurty as a gambler's bride, Margaret Rawlings as the cocotte in whom she confides: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOVARICH.—First-class theatrical value as to story and dialogue, and a fine cast, headed by Eugénie Leontovich and Cedric Hardwicke: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

—AND THESE MUSICALS

ANYTHING GOES.—You 'll like Cole Porter's music, Jeanne Aubert's shining effectiveness, Sydney Howard's fooling, and the whole speedy, decorative, amusing show: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GLAMOROUS NIGHT.—Not for the critical sophisticate, but it 's got everything a full-size Ruritanian musical comedy can have, including Mary Ellis and Ivor Novello: Drury Lane, 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STOP PRESS.—Maurice Chevalier's inimitable personality, Hassard Short's brilliant décor and lighting, the dancing and the music are all exceptional: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

1066 AND ALL THAT.—The most original revue in London; history burlesqued into fits of laughter; and the cast obviously enjoy themselves: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

—AND THESE THRILLERS

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Don't go if you 're nervous—Emlyn Williams acts the young murderer too well; there 's humour as well as horror to this excellent play: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.—This mixture of farce and crime is the greatest success for a lowbrow evening; Henry Kendall and Nancy O'Neil are in it: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.—It 's a well-acted play about a wife-poisoner—Leslie Banks; Louise Hampton, Elena Miramova and Joan Maude as wives past, present, to come; St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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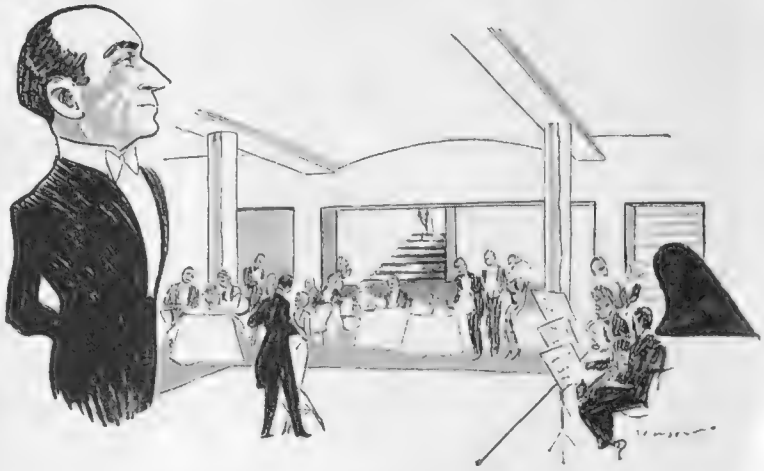

Fernandez and Lansdowne House

Fernandez is the Spanish manager of the Lansdowne House Restaurant, the latest addition to London's night life, and one of the best decorated of all the eating and dancing haunts

chef is Nichini, late of Monseigneur; the band is Brian Laurence's, and he 's a broadcasting favourite; there is no cabaret; you can dress as you please, and you can come here on Sunday evenings.

Grosvenor House

MIDSUMMER brought yet another edition of the Monte Carlo Follies show on to the Grosvenor House cabaret stage. Felix Ferry had the idea of changing the production every four weeks during the season, and this is the third of his efforts. "Les Girls" are all here still, except Ann Roth, sister of film star Lilian Roth. Her place has been taken by the blonde and fetching Yvonne Grey, who is no newcomer to London.

The girls' dresses, dances and songs are all different—not that anyone cares much what they sing and how they dance; they are to be looked at rather than listened to, and the dresses and settings that frame their not inconsiderable charms are excellent as usual.

The new turns are four: Dinah Grace, who we 're told is Germany's most beautiful girl (why did they let her go?); a knock-about troupe from the Continent; two new Broadway ballroom dancers, called Mary Raye and Naldi; and a trio of acrobatic dancers, Hibbert, Bird and Ready, who take the slightly original line of dropping the girl more often than they catch her. Civilised we may be; sadistic we certainly are, the way we enjoy to be scared whether the girl will break her neck or not.

Bon Viveur

IT is always possible to make new discoveries here. To-day's great thought is that the Bon Viveur can challenge any snack bar in London at providing a pre-theatre, pre-ballet

The Foyer of the Café Divan

Which is one of the nicest places to drink a cocktail at: it 's cool and airy, there 's plenty of room, and the cocktails are excellent

Madame Prunier, of Paris and London

Her invasion of England has brought a famous Paris name to London, given us a new place to eat and drink, and introduced us to a hundred new kinds of sea food

meal. The other night we went in before a concert and ordered an omelette maison, a champagne cocktail, and coffee to follow. The omelette arrived so quickly we thought someone else must have ordered one and countermanded it just in time for it to be given to us. This is almost an insult, because the omelette was piping hot, and *perfect*. It would be hard to find a better one anywhere than the Bon Viveur brand. At the next table a party of nine arrived just as our omelette reached us. They ordered club sandwiches, and, nom du chef! the sandwiches were served by the time we wanted our coffee.

For the benefit of those who get bored with picking their own menus from the list (and everything here is à la carte), Davico, who is a star menu-maker, has compiled the following suggestions for a hot day lunch and dinner. For lunch, start with hors d'œuvre, then have consommé Madrillene en gelée or œuf poché à l'Estragon, or both, follow that with filet de bœuf McMahon, and end up with timbale rafraichie Bon Viveur. The dinner menu starts with cantaloup, délice de sole Marie Rose leads on to canetons Montmorency, salade Lorette and pommes froides en robe, and then there 's a soufflé surprise My Lord, for those who like a sweet, or désires des dames. Give these two meals a try-out on trust; after all, the restaurateur's job is to make menus, the guest is only an amateur.

Prunier's

IT 's a real creation, this restaurant of Madame Prunier's, and like all creative works fills a gap that we never knew existed. She has had plenty of educating to do in the

Pastori of Grosvenor House

Pastori (he's an Italian) has been in charge here for over five years, before that he was at the May Fair, which restaurant he started on its way. He came to London twenty-seven years ago

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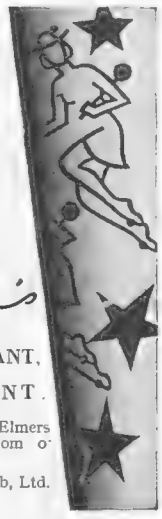

New Clarges Hotel & Restaurant

Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, London, W.1

THE re-building of the last section of the Fleming's New Clarges Hotel is now completed. The new Half Moon Street Hall facilitates the entrance to the Restaurant, Café Foyer, and Grill Room. The Hotel is now entirely modernised, with large and small suites of rooms and every modern equipment. The Restaurant, Café Foyer and Grill in Clarges Street, are famous throughout Europe for their Cuisine and Wines; and specialise in Lobsters, and every variety of fish. Cocktail hour 12 o'clock and 6.30. Good car parking place in Clarges Street S. HARWATH.

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The Café de la Paix

Supper-time view of the restaurant; its pinkish walls, green chairs, panel mirrors and clever lighting make a becoming setting for the girl friend

course of establishing herself in London—for solidly established Prunier's now is, as if it had always been on its St. James's Street corner site. After training her staff in methods and creating an atmosphere entirely new to London, she has had to educate her clientèle, and that job is still going on. For example, sea-urchins: who will eat a sea-urchin for the first time without persuasion? For example: sturgeon. For example: shad. Both these two fish are brought from France, and are Prunier specialities.

Then there 's the habit of ordering the "poisson du chef," the speciality of the day, which is often a very ordinary fish cooked in an unusual way, and therefore not expensive. And the habit of eating oysters in June; these come from France, or even from Portugal, where they are still in season. Clams, too, which few English people appreciate, are excellent here. Other points to remember are that Vouvray, Anjou, and champagne nature can be bought by the glass; that Prunier salads are delicious; and that there are plenty of orthodox dishes on the menu for the conservative.

Among the many people who have become regular customers of this attractive, intelligent Frenchwoman are Mr. Lloyd George, Lady Dashwood, the young Jessels, Mistinguet when she 's been over, the Nevinsons, the whole French Embassy, naturally. And nowadays one can usually get a table without booking, which was impossible during the first crowded weeks.

New Clarges Restaurant and Café Divan

TALKING of fish dishes, one remembers it was Mr. Harwath who started to convince Mayfair that there were other inhabitants of the sea besides soles, lobsters and crabs, and that in his restaurant also one finds the subject treated with the specialist's enthusiasm. He also makes a point of having a particularly good cold buffet at this time of year, and his suprême de volaille is unrivalled. Eaten with a salad between an egg dish and asparagus or strawberries, it makes an ideal main lunch course on a hot day.

Not everyone (fortunately) has discovered that the foyer of the New Clarges restaurant is one of the nicest places in London to go for cocktails. It 's beautifully cool, and quiet even when the big doors are open on to Clarges Street. And there are two nice little alcoves to sit in if you want to have an earnest and undistracted conversation. An extra inducement to come here is the Harwath cocktail, which is far and away the most refreshing short drink anyone has yet discovered. It fills a champagne glass, costs 2s. 6d., and doesn't destroy the palate or the digestion for a good dinner to come. It is also an excellent before lunch drink, and encourages one then to order mineral water with the meal itself.

One way and another, this is one of the most delightful places in London—the sort of restaurant for which one gets to feel a real affection.

Veerasawmy's Indian Restaurant

THIS is always packed at lunch time nowadays, and one really needs to book a table beforehand to be sure of getting in. It 's the place to go to see the crowd of Eastern celebrities who are in London this year. The Maharaja of Jaipur was in a day or two ago, and the ex-King and Queen of Siam and their family had a lunch-party quite recently.

It is also the place to see the only hand-worked punka in London ; in these days of the ubiquitous ventilation system, it 's a novelty to see a dark-skinned " punka-walla " at work creating a cool breeze.

Re-decorations have been going on, the artist being Sudhansu Ghosh, who comes from Bengal. Each of his hand-painted pictures represents some linking of the East and the West. He is also an expert on Indian cooking, and is now in charge of the restaurant—a new form of artistic versatility.

Café de la Paix

THIS also continues its cheerful way, and can always provide a theatrical party or two for the country cousin to stare at in the evenings. Remember that day and evening clothes go equally well ; most people are dressed during the week, but very few are on Sundays.

Geoffrey Gwyther, who has been providing the cabaret for the last two weeks, is very popular ; he plays and sings his own songs.

Morrell's

LAST of all, we take a trip out of London and go to dine and dance at Morrell's. For the benefit of those who haven't yet discovered their way to it, it is just beyond West Wickham, in Kent, the two landmarks en route being the Crystal Palace and Corkscrew Hill.

Here one dines very well for a very moderate sum, dances to an extremely good band (Merlin Morgan's), and watches a pleasant little cabaret, provided this week by Ray Espinosa's Jubilee Girls and Eddie Bancroft, the comedian.

The restaurant, the bar, the foyer are all well arranged and well decorated, the feature of the restaurant being its large expanse of windows. The roof-garden is finished, but is not yet open ; however, it only awaits the first fine, warm evening.

Tschanz, the manager, knows his job very well, and looks after his guests with discrimination. He has had a lot of overseas experience : in Egypt, where he was at Shepherd's in Cairo, at Mena House, and on the famous Cairo-to-Khartoum river cruises ; and in India, where he once spent six months training the staff of the Maharaja of Vizianagram.

E. L.

Morrell's Restaurant

A daylight view of the new out-of-London restaurant (it 's in Kent), where there 's dining, dancing and cabaret every evening, and a roof-garden if the night is warm

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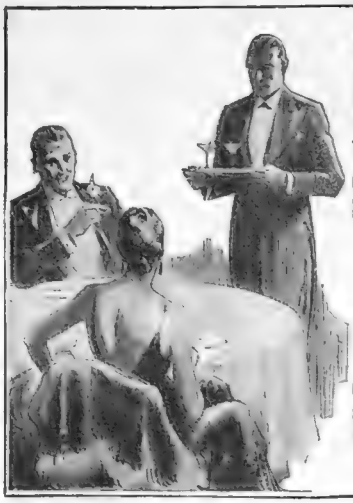

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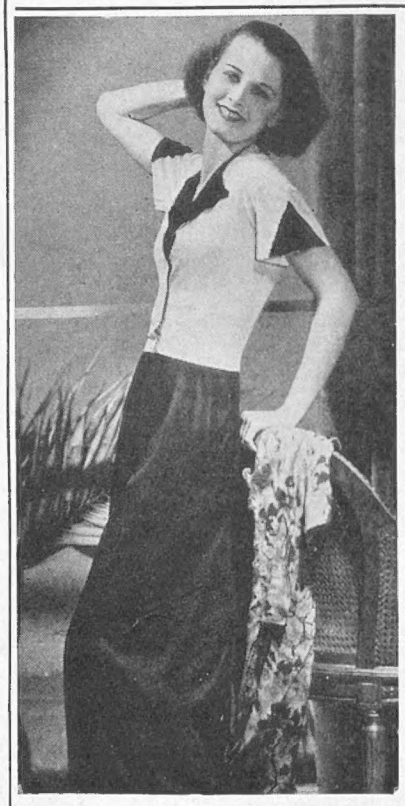

She Keeps Slim, Supple and Healthy

THOUGH she keeps her figure beautifully slim, yet it's not at the expense of her health. She's found that it's unnecessary to go in for fasting or dieting in order to become slender; all she does is to make sure of taking a morning glass of Kutnow's.

Kutnow's Powder is a pleasant saline with a dual action. It breaks up and eliminates surplus fat daily, and by its alkaline character also neutralizes those acids which lead to Rheumatism.

Half-an-hour before breakfast have your maid bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessert-spoonful of Kutnow's in it, stir briskly and drink it off. Make this a morning habit and you make sure of keeping slim, supple and healthy.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS. HOME PRICE 2/9.

ESS VIOTTO

FOR THE HANDS AND COMPLEXION

Soft white hands are an index to your personal refinement. Whenever you wash, conclude by rubbing in a few drops of ESS VIOTTO to soothe and whiten the skin.

Ess Viotto never fails.

1/6, 2/6, 4/9 & 6/9 per bottle

from all toilet counters catering for the discriminating.

BRONNLEY LONDON

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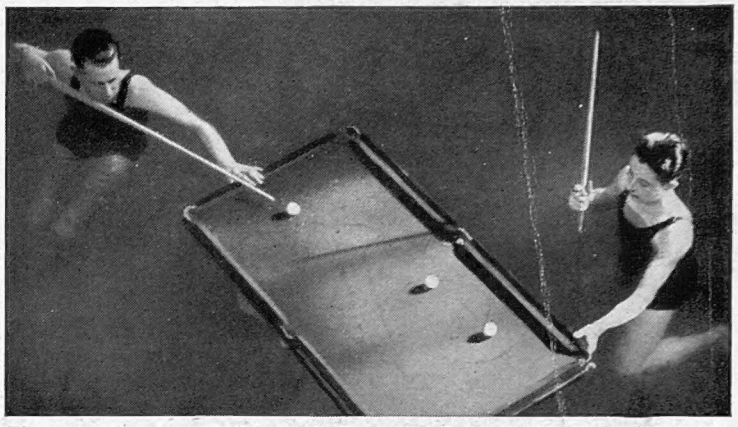
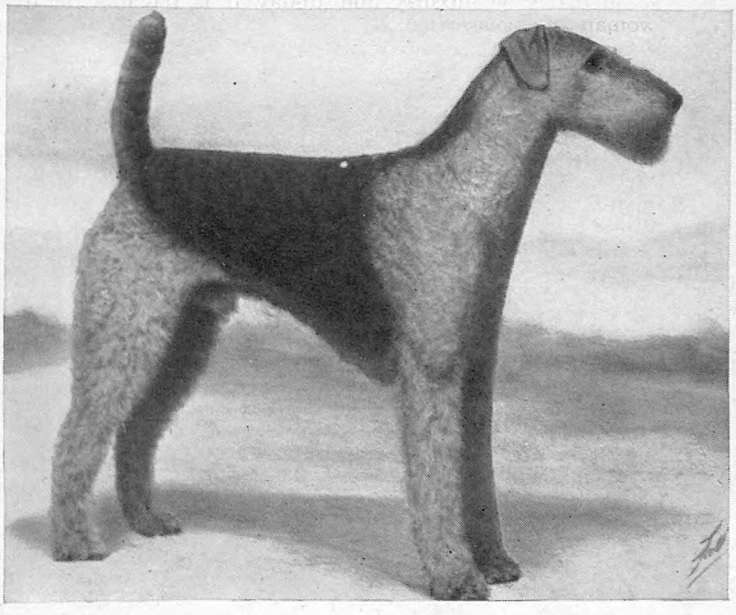


The ***radio-activity*** *of* ***Droitwich brine*** *makes the "cure" a pleasant holiday as well as a treatment for the relief of* ***rheumatism.*** *This picture testifies to the brine's amazing buoyancy. Patients requiring massage or electrical treatment will find skilled attendance at the Brine Baths, where charges are extremely moderate. Special clinical facilities are available for patients of strictly limited means. There is always something amusing to do at Droitwich. Visitors can play golf or tennis, attend concerts and such entertainments as please them best. Write for full particulars to the Superintendent No. 81,*

The Brine Baths, Droitwich Spa, Worcs.



Mrs. G. Hayes' Airedale Terrier—Ch. AISLABY AETHLING

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